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Poetry.

MARGARET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What kind of eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who but you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A fearful grace, as tho' you stood
Beneath the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Becomes all the heart, and foreleth
The senses with a still delight
Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender amber round,
Which the moon about her spreadeth,
Moving thro' a fleecy night.

II.

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,
Lull'd by the tumult of the fight.
You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and bright;
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow light
Float by you on the verge of night.

III.

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the waning stars
The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang looking thro' his prison bars?
Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last, wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart,
Even in her sight he loved so well?

IV.

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.
You move not in such solitudes,
You are not less divine,
But more human in your moods,
Than your twin-sister, Adeline.
Your hair is darker, and your eyes
Touch'd with a softer shade of hue,
And less serenely blue,
But ever trembling thro' the dew
Of dainty-wrought sympathies.

V.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and hear me speak;
Tie up the ringlets on your cheek;
The sun is just about to set,
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And I, mainly lights are seen,
Moving in the leavy beech.
Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,
Where all day long you sit between
Joy and woe, and will per each.
Or only look across the lawn,
Look out below your bower-eaves,
Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn
Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

TOWARD THE SEA.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

There was weeping in Granada on that eventful day;
One king in triumph entered in, one vanquished rode away;
Down from the Alhambra's minarets was every crescent flung,
And the cry of "Santiago!" through the jeweled palace rung;
And ringing, ringing, ringing,
Were the silver bells of Spain,
But the Moorish monarch lonely
Could hear their echoes only—
"Do you hear them toll!" asked he,
And he rode toward the sea.

There was joy in old Granada on that eventful day,
One king in triumph entered in, one slowly rode away;
Up the Alcala, singing, marched the gay cavaliers—
Gained was the Moslem empire of twice three hundred years;
And ringing, ringing, ringing,
Were the silver bells of Spain,
But the Moorish monarch lonely
Could hear their echoes only—
"Do you hear them toll!" said he,
And he rode toward the sea.

Through the groves of Alpuxarras, on the eventful day,
The vanquished king rode slowly and tearfully away;
He paused upon the Xenel, and saw Granada fair,
Wreathed with the sunset's roses in palpitating air;
And ringing, ringing, ringing,
Were the silver bells of Spain,
But the Moorish monarch lonely
Could hear their echoes only—
"Do you hear them toll!" said he,
And he rode toward the sea.

The Vergа, heaped with flowers, below the city lay,
And faded in the sunset as he slowly rode away,
And he paused again a moment amid the cavaliers,
And saw the golden palace shine, through the mist of tears;
And ringing, ringing, ringing,
Were the silver bells of Spain,
But the Moorish monarch lonely
Could hear their echoes only—
"Do you hear them toll!" said he,
And he rode toward the sea.

"Farewell to thee, Granada, whose glimmering domes I see;
Farewell to all the fond delights my heart has ta'en in thee,"
Then said a solemn vizier, "They who misfortune bear
With knightly soul, like victor knights, shall love and honor share;"
And ringing, ringing, ringing,
Were the silver bells of Spain,
But the Moorish monarch lonely
Could hear their echoes only—
"Do you hear them toll!" said he,
And he rode toward the sea.

Our Story Teller.

DOLLY'S FLIRTATION.

I am Kitty, and Dolly is my twin-sister. I was always sedate, mother used to say; but Dolly was giddy, and fond of flirting.

When we were 17, Dolly became engaged, with our mother's consent, to Frank Wilmot, a young fellow of 24, son of a banker, free and cheery in manner and disposition. He was very indulgent to Dolly, for he felt so confident of her love, and was himself so loyal and sincere that the admiration she excited was his triumph; the freedom with which she received and encouraged it never pained him, though mother and I used to watch her with serious anxiety.

Sometimes our mother would say a few impressive words; then Dolly would throw her arms around her, and with kisses assure her she would be a better girl, or she would pout a little, with tears in her bright blue eyes. She would be very demure through two balls, and at the third worse than ever; scarcely could Frank get one waltz for himself.

One evening he brought to our house a cousin of his, a barrister, a man some years older than himself. He was rather famous, though only 30, being an acute lawyer, and consequently looked up at the bar.

Dolly owned to me that evening that Frank had confided to her that I was Jack Dacre's ideal woman.

"So don't blush so angrily, darling," said she, "for it would be the most delightful arrangement. He is Frank's ideal man and dearest friend. It would be the happiest thing for us all." And Dolly gave me a hug and kiss, and ran off to bed.

Mr. Dacre came very often after that one visit, and I soon found that he was my ideal man, for he strangely resembled my father, both in manners and his chivalrous courtesy to women, as well as in appearance. It was with a chill at my heart that I first made the discovery that he was falling in love with Dolly—he, the soul of honor, seemed bewitched by the charms of his bosom friend's affianced wife. I knew it before he did, but of course not before Dolly, who had a genius for unerringly detecting every symptom, however obscure, of dawning love, either in her own case or another's.

My mother and Frank were utterly blind to the danger. I was very unhappy and exceedingly sorry for Dolly, for Frank, for Mr. Dacre, and, I own it, for myself; for, though I had not fallen in love with Frank's cousin, I must say he was the only man I had seen whom I felt I could fall in love with.

An accident brought matters to a climax.

We were sitting in the drawing room after dinner one evening, when a noise in the street drew us to the window. The pole of a carriage had entered the shoulder of a cab horse. Dolly became ill and faint at the sight, and Mr. Dacre who was at her side, threw his arm round her to save her from falling. He led her to a sofa, and stood aside as Frank drew near her; but from that night he never came no more. He and I had only seen the half petulant way in which Dolly had turned from Frank, had caught another expression on her face, had seen her vivid blush.

From that evening she became cold, petulant, teasing to Frank. At first he laughed, then was hurt, and finally the engagement was broken off. This is soon told, but what my mother and I suffered must be imagined. I dared neither to tell her the truth nor to hint to Dolly that I knew to whom her heart was given, though I loved her so dearly; and I felt so sure that this was the first true love of her life. This determined, decided, somewhat stern man was sure to charm our little butterfly, if she noticed him at all.

Mother and I arranged that Dolly should go away on a short visit. Frank was to come one evening to return the letters Dolly had sent him. They would not feel the abruptness of this rupture so much as if they were placed personally by him in my hands; and I had his letters also to give him. Mother was quite unequal to seeing him, for she loved him dearly, and the task was left to me. I was not sorry, for I felt I could say all that was likely to comfort him, loving both of them so deeply.

So poor Frank produced his sorrowful little packet, received the one I had for him, and stood leaning against the chimney piece, while I sat quite unable to utter a word, but with tears dropping quietly from my eyes. At last he told me that he knew Dolly had been faithless to him. He felt sure she and Jack Dacre loved each other, and he spoke so humbly of himself, as if it was quite to be expected that his cousin should be preferred above any other man, that I was greatly touched, and my tears fell faster and faster.

"Jack is the soul of honor Kitty; but I must make it clear to him that he is free to do as his heart dictates. His and her happiness must not be wrecked. I will get my father to send me to our branch house in India, and will not return till they are married. Jack is rich enough to marry at once. I shall embark on Thursday."

Then he charged me with tender blessings for Dolly, and, at his request, I went to ask my mother to bid him farewell. Presently she glided in, pale as death. She held out her trembling hand in silence, but Frank folded her in his arms, and she sobbed on his breast. I stood by weeping bitterly, and, when we were calmer, Frank embraced us both finally, and placing me in my mother's arms left us. Poor fellow, how brave he was, how gentle and patient!

In a month from that time Dolly was affianced to Mr. Dacre, and the marriage was arranged to take place at the beginning of the long vacation. We were by this time convinced that it was the best thing that could happen. No one could see Dolly and doubt that this was the only man she had loved. His calm, intense character impressed her, his great talents awed her, and her pretty innocent pride in her manly lover, her meekness and quietness, were most promising symptoms of happiness in her married life.

Dear mother was so serenely happy! I was very fond of my new brother, he was such a power for good and peace in our home that we had never been so contented before. Frank wrote freely to us, manly patient letters, full of unselfish interest in all around him. His sorrow had sweetened, not embittered his character. He had set himself to alleviate his anguish by doing good, and his first act on reaching his destination had been to use his keen commercial gifts for the welfare of the widow and children of an officer of the army, and, at the cost of time, talent, and energy, to rescue her small fortune from unsafe hands and invest it profitably. His letters were filled with similar incidents, naturally and simply told, and our affection increased for this truly brave man.

Dolly's godmother took it into her head that it was her godchild's duty to pay her a farewell visit before her marriage. Though, as she had never troubled herself much about us, we were rather startled at this demand; we all thought it would be best to accept the invitation—for my sister was not looking well—and it was settled that she should go and spend a month with the old lady in her lovely North Country home. Mr. Dacre was pressed to go as often as his professional engagements would permit; so Dolly left us in pretty good spirits, in charge of the elderly servant who was our substitute for a regular ladies' maid.

She wrote to tell us how she was enjoying the repose and beauty of the country. Mr. Dacre had managed to run down from Saturday till Monday at the end of the first week, and had of course made a great impression, but was afraid he could not come again—a long case was pending at Westminster. The letter which followed this I give in its integrity:

"Highwood, July 20.—Dearest Kitty: I hope you will get this in time to send my hat here instead of to grandmamma's. I am on a fortnight's visit to Lady Millicent North. Such a charming woman—a widow about 28 years old! She persuaded Mrs. Lloyd to let her have me for a week or two; and as her daughter-in-law, a confirmed invalid, was coming to spend just that time with her, my grandmother was glad to get me out of her way, I know. I can't write much, for the post leaves here at 8, and we drop our letters into the hall box as we go in to dinner. I expect the gong every minute. This place is lovely, and the new Baronet—Sir Charles—is the dearest—. The gong. Your own

"Dolly."

I felt uneasy concerning this letter. I was sorry Dolly should have left her godmother's quiet home, just as she was sobering down and growing such a thoughtful little love. It might unsettle her again to pass a fortnight in a country house with a fascinating Baronet; and I knew Jack Dacre would never permit, never pardon, the smallest suspicion of flirting. He had pardoned her defection in Frank's case, for Frank himself had pleaded eloquently, saying that she was very young, so naturally affectionate. But mamma and I felt sure that not for one hour would he permit the slightest approach to disloyalty to his deep tenderness for his girlish betrothed. Neither her youth, her love of fun nor her merry heart would plead one atom in her favor; so I read this letter with a heavy heart. My answer was as follows:

"Dearest Dolly: Your letter reached me in time to have the box sent to Highwood. You will receive it soon after this reaches you. Write very fully, for your letter was tantalizing. Send me a full description of everyone, for you have roused my curiosity as to 'Sir Charles,' who is 'the dearest—'"

The rest of my letter contained home news, and I need not transcribe it. But Dolly's answer will transcribe—

"You ask me for a description of everybody, darling. Lady Millicent is very beautiful, very clever, and devotedly attached to this Sir Charles; but I feel sure her heart is buried in the grave of her noble husband. I sent her photo, so need no words in describing her.

"Sir Charles is very fascinating, though I fear my description may not predispose you in his favor; but you beg me to be particular. He is short and stout, has a very fine head, but rather thin light hair, fine eyes, good mouth, but not much of a nose—in fact, it is all tip—very nice hands and feet. He is, I believe, very talented, but does not employ his gifts, seldom talks, never reads, is a little fond of eating. In spite of these drawbacks, he is very charming, and all the girls far and near make a great deal of him. Of course he is rich. He likes Lady Millicent to live in the house. She has complete influence over him."

I was much relieved after reading this letter. I felt so easy in mind that I told Dolly how I had feared for her.

"But," I wrote, "of course you never could really admire a fat little man, who never reads or talks, and with a nose all tip, and who cares for nothing but eating."

It turned out that the most unfortunate thing I could have done was to confess my fears to my provoking sister. She answered me vehemently declaring that Sir Charles was the most lovable fellow she had met for a long time, and really was so excited that I posted a letter to her at once.

"You distress me Dolly. You know Mr. Dacre would never forgive you if he saw your letters. I hide them even from mother. Oh, pray do think before you madly risk the loss of his love, for that will follow the very hour he loses his high opinion of you!"

This is how Dolly answered my tender appeal:

"What a lecturing little thing you are getting, Kitty! I am very much attached to Sir Charles; and, if Jack is ever so angry, I can't help it."

Thus flippantly the letter ran on.

I was really angry and distressed, but resolved to try no more lectures; they clearly made matters worse. So, the next time, I gave a full description of a day we had spent in court, hearing Mr. Dacre plead. I described his dignified appearance, his easy, graceful gestures—above all, I dwelt on the beauty of his nose.

Dolly answered—

"I am quite shocked at you, Kitty, to make such an idol of a nose!"

And then she continued, as usual, about Sir Charles.

Meanwhile Mr. Dacre seemed quite happy, and said he had his daily letters from Dolly as regularly as when she was with Mrs. Lloyd. Was my beloved sister growing deceitful?

I kept all this from my mother; but I grew more and more wretched over Dolly's letters. A picnic would be "glorious," for Sir Charles was going. She had spent the whole morning "quietly with Sir Charles." Once he was indisposed, and she had "nursed him, played for him, sung to him."

Well, I could do nothing more. I resolved to say not another word about him to any one else. I began to dislike the very sound of his name, or rather the sight of it; and when Dolly declared I should like him as much as every one else did, I made up my mind that I hated him. I wrote one more tender appeal, which I said was my last.

Every Tuesday mother and I had Dolly's letters, but one day there was none by my breakfast plate as usual. Mother read hers.

"Dolly says she has written to you," she said presently. "How can it be that you have not received it?"

Mistakes of the Postoffice are so rare, we could but suppose she had omitted to post it. By the next delivery, however, I received a letter from Mr. Dacre, containing an enclosure which turned out to be a letter to me from Dolly. A few lines from him ran thus:

"Dear Kitty: I had read too much of the enclosed before I discovered the mistake. If you receive a letter from Dolly before this reaches you, you will have discovered she has missent the letters. I shall run down to Highwood without loss of time."

I had not received any letter then, but by the second country delivery came one directed to Jack at once. The letter he had read began thus:

"All you say is useless, my darling. I love Sir Charles devotedly, and he has this day declared he loves me. You ask me, does he know I am engaged? I told him a gentleman was coming to see me, but he seemed little concerned at this piece of information."

So far Mr. Dacre had read, and the mine was sprung.

I locked my room door and fell back, despairing into an easy chair. I was resolved to hide all from my mother till Mr. Dacre had seen Dolly. I hunted up Bradshaw and found that a train started about 4 o'clock that would convey me to Highwood by 7.50. If Dolly wrote to me at once I should get her letter by Thursday; but of course I should hear from Jack on Wednesday. I dreaded every ring, every postman's knock. All day Wednesday passed and no letter arrived from my sister and her lover.

On Thursday morning I ran down when I heard the usual welcome sound. On the table lay a thick letter addressed in Dolly's handwriting. I ran up to mama and gave her the one I found enclosed in it for her; then I sat down to read mine, after fortifying myself with a cup of coffee. I must give every word of it:

"You are well aware that a catastrophe has happened through my heedlessness. The best thing will be for me to describe fully the whole consequences of that misfortune. On our return from the garden party on Tuesday, I found a telegram awaiting me from Jack—'Shall be with you by 7.55.' Of course this awoke no fear in my mind, for I knew Jack might run down at any moment the trains permit. Lady Millicent sent me off at once to be dressed by her artist-maid. What she made of me you must have seen to believe, Kitty. I would not look at myself till the whole process was complete; and, when I glanced in the long glass, I was really amazed at what I saw. It was the result, I now know, of many discussions between Lady Millicent and this gifted young person. You may imagine how I exulted in the thought that Jack would see me look as he had never seen me look before, for I am so improved in health that my whole appearance is changed. Well, the bell rang. Lady Millicent received Mr. Dacre in the morning-room, and came to send me down at once.

"I ran down with my heart burning. I entered the room. I noticed Jack give one start; but he received me in such a very un-Jack-like manner that I was terrified. 'Mamma—Kitty?' I cried. 'Quite well when I left them,' said Mr. Dacre; but when he placed me in a chair, and took one opposite me, I felt matters were desperate. 'What is wrong?' I gasped. 'Dearest Jack, pray speak!' 'Only an address,' said he, and put the unfortunate envelope in my hands. 'This contained a letter for your sister, which I, perhaps, fortunately read before I discovered the mistake. I have just 17 minutes before I leave for the return train; so if you wish to say anything let me beg of you to speak at once.'

"I sank back in my chair and covered my face with my handkerchief, trembling with agitation. 'Will you hear my explanation?' I stammered. 'Needless; the letter can have but one meaning. I came to release you from your engagement with me. Did this scoundrel know you were engaged?' I covered my face again. To hear Sir Charles North called a scoundrel was too much for me. I did not speak for several minutes; but time was flying fast, and at length I said, 'If this is in truth our last meeting, grant me one favor; say that you will before I tell you what it is. Of course it is a reasonable, honorable request that I wish to make; but I own it is one you will not like to grant.' He paused a moment, then said, 'I will do whatever you ask. 'Ask you to see Sir Charles North.' He winced, but bowed silently. I left the room to see the Baronet. I found him in his own room, intently studying an immense book—but only the illustrations, I believe. I asked him to come with me to speak to a gentleman who was waiting to see him. He flatly refused. Time was rushing on. I knelt by him, implored him. At last I kissed him, and he yielded.

"Taking my hand in a firm clasp, he descended with me to the room where I had left Mr. Dacre. Jack stood, moody and stern, pale as ashes, where I had left him. We entered. I led Sir Charles toward him. 'Mr. Dacre,' said I; 'let me present you to Sir Charles North, Baronet.' Jack started—paused—seized Sir Charles in his strong arms, and—threw him out of the window!—no, kissed him! For this 'scoundrel,' this 'fat, greedy, idle little man' is the dear little son of Lady Millicent, aged just two years! Now you see, Miss Kitty, you had better have had a little faith in your sister for once. You put all this into my head, and I could not resist the joke; but it shall be my last, for never more do I wish to see such a look of pain in the face I loved best in all the world.

"Jack did not go back by the return train, though he was obliged to leave early this morning; but I do not think I can stay away from him one day over a month. Lady Millicent says you must come to take my place. She will write and ask mamma. You will soon be as madly in love with Sir Charles."

And so it proved. I went to stay with Lady Millicent; and, of all the darling, quaint, noble, chubby little pets I had seen, Sir Charles was the king. At the end of the year Frank returned in time for Christmas. He did not go back to India; he settled in England. He and I were married about six months after Dolly.

We both live in a lovely part of Kent. Dolly's husband pets and loves her devotedly. My husband adds to all his love a delicate, tender homage infinitely precious to me.

"Kitty, dearest," my mother once said to me, "you and I have tasted the fullest earthly happiness. We both know that reverence is the perfectly peerless jewel in love's crown; but we must earn it."

A brave Eton boy spends as much time with us as his mother can bear to spare him, and the most welcome guest in Jack Dacre's home is Sir Charles North, Baronet.

PIONEER LIFE.

The Primitive Preacher and the Split-bottom Chair—A Wonderful Case of the Jerks.

BY DR. SCOTT, OF LANCASTER, O., AUTHOR OF "PIONEER SKETCHES."

I can no more than partially, with the pen, depict the ludicrousness of the scene I am about to describe. It occurred under my own eyes, when I was a child of about seven years, though I retain a vivid remembrance of it all, I have never lost much, if any, of the very funny things I have experienced; and I love to tell them over—I love to tell them over because I have not got done laughing at some of them that took place more than 60 years ago.

I can't describe the place and the scenery where the following occurrence took place, so that one person in ten thousand would comprehend it, for there are only a few persons living now, anywhere, that have ever seen anything like it. And there are few living to-day who know anything about the constitution of a religious meeting on the frontiers sixty or seventy years ago, or how the people worshipped. I repeat, that the present generation knows nothing at all of the primitive religious meetings of the first years of pioneer life. Everything connected with them was strictly primitive. But there was that connected with them that would utterly put to shame much of what is called religious worship in this more refined and intelligent age; this primitive worship was the homage of the heart; professing people then were more true to humanity, religion and common honesty, than they are now, as a rule. I make this averment from my own knowledge of its truth.

The meeting houses of the back rooms were simple, being at first the cabins of the pioneers, and their cheap log school houses. There were neither pulpits, platform, vestry rooms, nor any such thing. For seats, generally very rude benches were constructed by boring legs into rough slabs with an inch and a half or two-inch augur. If the meetings were held at a private house, the benches were piled up in the yard, or leaned upon the fence, ready to be brought in at the next meeting. And thus a stranger passing through a settlement would recognize the meeting place by the benches. Sometimes rough planks from the saw mill were used. These were rested on chair bottoms, or blocks. Such were the pews of the backwoods meeting houses.

The pulpit was invariably a split bottom chair, which was always set for the preacher; and if there were any kind of a work-stand about the house, it was used for the Bible and hymn-book, and was placed beside the preacher's chair. I assume that almost everybody has seen split-bottom chairs, and I need not therefore describe them. It may be said that the bottom was made of oak or ash splits, and so interlaced that they constituted a comfortable and substantial seat.

It was the custom for the preacher to sit on his chair selecting his hymns and arranging his text, until the people were all collected, when he would rise to his feet and place the chair in front of him, he standing at its back, when he would at once open the service by the reading of a hymn, which was sung by everybody, the preacher lining it off two lines at a time. On the occasion about to be referred to, after he began to warm up in his subject, he preacher changed the chair so that the side of it presented towards him, and its face towards his right. He was one of the most zealous of the New Lights, and usually spoke in a very loud voice, and with wonderful unction, often becoming so wrought up with the importance of his theme as to become exercised beyond all reasonable bounds. It was in Summer time, and he being a resident of the neighborhood, and familiar with the people, he came to meeting that day barefooted, which was very common then, even with adult persons. More than two thirds of all the people in any given neighborhood went to meeting barefooted in Summer time.

As he fired up in his theme, he raised his right foot and placed it on the seat of the chair, where, perhaps, unconsciously to himself, he soon commenced a succession of stamps, with more or less force, as the inspiration was upon him. His theme that day was the judgment. He was portraying the awful pomp and grandure of the second coming of Christ, when he should come to judge the world. First, the awful sound of the trumpet, the graves and the sea giving up their dead, the throngs of holy angels filling the air, mountains trembling, the earth shaking, the great white throne and Him that sat upon it, the judgment seat, the righteous on the right hand and the wicked on the left. The trumpet might sound before he resumed his seat. He was a stout, muscular man, and the pounding was becoming more and more intense, until at last, with one tremendous blow, his pedal crashed through the splits, planting the sole on the puncheon floor. In driving through the splits were turned downwards into the form of an arch, the jagged ends coming against and resting upon about the middle of the calf, thus forming a most complete dead lock, with only the linen pants between the sharp edge and the skin. The predicament was awkward enough. He made several unsuccessful attempts to withdraw the imprisoned member; it was impossible. In the mean while he tried to keep up the thread of his discourse, but in a very much lowered tone. An audible snigger was going on; the youngsters were greatly amused at the comical predicament. The preacher was manifestly disturbed. At last two or three of the brethren from the front seats came to his relief and the leg was released with some difficulty by putting in four strong hands to press back the splits. He tossed the chair out of the door with the exclamation, "get thee behind me, Satan," and told the people that if they would try and become composed he would finish his discourse.

THE RIDE WITH THE JERKS.

A two day meeting had just closed at the home of old Uncle Joe. It had been one throughout of unusual outpouring of the spirit and of "power." During the two days and nights there had scarcely been sufficient intervals from the devotions to prepare and eat meals. Very little sleeping was done. Only those living nearest went home at all during the progress of the meeting. The meetings ran through to near morning. There was a kind of communism in eating and doing what was to be done, and in contributing.

On Monday morning the meeting was regarded as closed by limitation, but the people seemed reluctant to separate. They were all filled with the spirit that maketh alive. They settled upon holding another meeting that evening at the house of Brother W., two miles over on the creek, to see what more the Lord was going to do for them, as they expressed it. Breakfast was over, and there were about a dozen persons of mixed sexes mounted on horseback, in the barnyard, all ready to ride over to the place of the evening meeting, where the others were to meet them. These were mostly persons from a distance, including two preachers and their wives, who were violent shouters, and also subjects of the jerks. On the ground, and mingling with the equestrians, were probably three times as many more. A general handshaking, and God be with you till we meet again, was going on all over the lot. Just at this point good old Sister Pool started up one of their favorite hymns, beginning with the words, "O how, O how charming is the radient of music, music, music, music; O how charmin' is the radient band of music playing through the *air*," and at once, with the inspiration, as every voice joined in, hands were clapped, and many embraced each other, and "glory to God," and "power," "power," "power," "power from on high," filled the air. Then several were attacked with the jerks, including two or three on horseback. The scene was wild and tumultuous. The horses were becoming excited, some of them plunging, and others were coursing round the inclosure. It occurred to some brother to let down the bars that opened into the lane. Two hundred yards eastward, under a tight run, brought them to the end of the lane, where they turned the corner and made another flight of a quarter of a mile north, along the open field, then another turn westward, and a race of half a mile buried them in the woods.

Many of the lookers on were frightened for several of the horses were actually running away. Their speed varied, so that by the time when they passed out of sight there were considerable gaps, the preacher's wife being not less than 50 yards in the lead. Hats, bonnets and shawls were from the start, scattered all along the way, which were gathered up by persons who followed after. Every person on horseback was under the influence more or less. They kept a tight rein on their horses with the right hand, while the left was playing in all directions. Their faces for the most part were turned up towards heaven. Those who had the jerks were thrown backwards and forwards so that the head actually touched the mane and cruppers, alternately. And every leap the animals made, the shouts, "which the frighted steeds it frighted more and made them faster run," rang out.

Mrs. H., the preacher's wife, was mounted on a horse of fine mettle and steed; and he probably put in, in this race, about his best time Mrs. H. seemed wholly oblivious of danger or fear. Her left arm was continually playing backwards and forwards; her face upwards, and her body violently tossed about by the jerks. The occurrence took place in about the year 1818, and the photograph it made on my brain has not faded, nor lost one of its features.

In the evening, when we all walked over to Brother W.'s, we found them all there, clothed and in their right minds, and no bones broken. When they saw our little crowd of a dozen coming along the path, they came and met us, singing. Those were ignorant days; but they were purer days than we shall ever see again.

The Hoosier Poet.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana poet, whose humorous and sentimental verses have made him justly famous, was originally a hotel keeper and he has had a strange career. He was born at New Bedford, Mass., and here he lived for many years. His father was the captain of a whaler, but the son never took to the sea. Captain Riley gave the young man an ample fortune when he attained his majority, and young James invested the bulk of it in a hotel, which he named the Ocean View House. The hostelry soon became famous all over the East for its good beds and splendid fare. Harrigan and Hart, the comedians, spent a Summer there, and Harrigan wrote a song about Riley and his hotel, which Dave Braham set to music. The song is still popular throughout the land. Riley sold his hotel in the Winter of '78, invested his money in Pennsylvania oil, lost everything and then moved to Indiana to try farming. Until within the last four years he never wrote a line of poetry. The gift of poesy seemed to come to him all at once. In a year he became famous, and he is grandly maintaining his reputation as the sweetest singer of his time.—*Chicago News.*

350 Miles on a Log.

In order to ascertain if logs could be floated or rafted from Pitt River, Shasta County, to the Bay City, a man named Dock Kennedy was sent out last week on a pine log to undertake the nove novel trip. The log was twenty-four feet in length and four feet in diameter. Kennedy was clad in waterproof clothing and supplied with plenty of food, which he carried in a knapsack. He made the trip, some 350 miles, in four days.

Gen. Washington Before the War.

"Did you ever see Gineral Washin'ton, mem?" Rhoda asked. "I thought, maybe you was old enough Miss Somers, she see him up yer to Kint River a crossin' to 'Napolis. He was a-swarin' at the cappen of the pirlauger and a-dammin' of the Eas'n Shu, and he said they wan't no good rudes in Maryland' nohow; that the Wes'n Shu was all red mud, and the Eas'n Shu yaller mud, an' the Bay was jus' pizen. Miss Somers say she don't think it was Gineral Washin'ton, caze he cuss so. She goin' to find out when she kin git a book an' somebody to read outen it to her, caze she dreffle smart."

"Grand-aunt Tilghman," Vesta interposed to the blank silence of the room, "knew General Washington intimately."

"Do tell us!" cried Rhoda. "You kin be a right interestin' ole woman, I reckon, ef you air so quar."

In the midst of a smile, in which the blind old lady herself joined, and Mrs. Custis at the same time entered the room, Mrs. Tilgham spoke as follows:

"I went to visit Cousin Martha Washington several years before the Revolution, at Mount Vernon. I had seen her while she was the widow of Cousin Custis, and we occasionally corresponded. In those days we visited by vessel, so a schooner of Robert Morris's father set me ashore at Mount Vernon. Col. Washington was then having his first portrait painted by Wilson Peale, and he was 40 years old. Peale and Washington used to pitch the bar, play quoits, and fox-hunt, while Cousin Martha, who was only three months younger than the Colonel, knitted and cut out sewing for her colored girls, and heard her daughter, Martha Custis, play the harpischord. Poor Martha had the consumption; she was dark as an Indian; Washington often carried her along the piazza and into the beautiful woodlands near the house; but she died leaving him all her money—nearly $20,000. We Custises rather looked down on Col. Washington in those days: he was not of the old gentry; his poor mother could barely read and write, and once, when we went to Fredericksburg to see her, she was riding out in the field among her few negroes as her own overseer, wearing an old sun-bonnet, and sunburned like a forester."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Custis. "I should think she was a great impediment to Washington."

"I reckon that's the way her son got big," exclaimed Rhoda; "if this mar had laid down in bed all day, he couldn't have killed King George so easy with his swurd."

"I often said to Cousin Martha, 'What did you see in that big horse of a man?' 'Oh,' she replied, 'he's the best overseer in Virginia. He looks after my property as no other man could.'"

"Then," said Mrs. Custis, emphatically, "he was one man out of a thousand."

"That's the kind of man you married, Vesta," spoke up Mrs. Dennis.

"Her husband," said Mrs. Custis, "looked after her father's property, I am sure, fo he got it all."

"And returned it all," exclaimed Vesta. Mrs. Custis remarked that Washington certainly was a blue-blooded man.

"Is thar people with blue blood comin' outen of 'em?" asked Rhoda Holland. "Lord sakes! I should think it would make 'em cold."—*From Gath's Novel, "The Entailed Hat."*

A Watch Made to be Pounded.

When a visitor to the office of the American Bank Note Co. sat down to talk to Mr. Lee, that gentleman put a piece of white paper under a stamp, pounded on it and laid the paper aside. When the visitor arose to go away, Mr. Lee put the paper under the stamp again and pounded it once more. "You talked eight minutes," said he; "that wasn't bad." He showed the piece of paper to the caller, who saw upon it two printed clock dials. One showed the hands at four minutes to 4 o'clock, the other showed them at four minutes past 4 o'clock. "We keep that stamp," said he; "so that you shan't go away and say you came here at 11 o'clock in the morning, or that you had to wait an hour and a half, or make any other misstatements which can be guarded against."

"No," he added a moment later; "that stamp is the latest wrinkle in office furniture. It is an ordinary stamp with a clock attachment. The hour hand is simply a raised point upon a movable circle. The minute hand is an arrow on another revolving circle. The usual inked tape passes over these indicators and the outer circle of hour figures. Beside the clock face is a cylinder with several faces, each bearing a word—one is 'approved, another is 'wired,' another is 'answered,' others are 'delivered,' 'Lee,' 'received.' Thus a business man is able whenever he sends away a letter, telegram, or package, receives an order, or transacts any business whatever, to record the precise moment at which the thing was done. It cost $20. I did not invent it. I bought it."—*New York Sun.*

A Venerable Teacher.

Mrs. Emma Williard and her sister, Mrs. Almira Lincoln Phelps, were pioneers in efforts for the higher education of women. When they commenced their work and established the Troy Seminary, the scope of women's education was quite limited. The Troy Seminary made such an advance that at one time it was far ahead of any other school for girls in the world, and it was visited by English tourists as one of the lions of the United States.

Mrs. Willard died there some years ago, and was active as a teacher for 24 years. Her reputation was world-wide. The younger sister, Mrs. Almira Lincoln Phelps, is still living, in Baltimore, at the advanced age of 91 years. It is said that Mrs. Phelps really originated the more valuable ideas and features of the scheme of education which both of them labored to carry out. She it was who planned courses of serious instruction in English language and literature, criticism, moral philosophy, and who initiated the study of the natural sciences in girls' schools. To the development of this class of studies she devoted her efforts, and produced text-books on botany which had a wide acceptance all over the country, translated Vauquelin's dictionary of chemistry, and made text-books for beginners and for more advanced students in geology, chemistry and natural philosophy.

The junior teacher of the Troy Seminary left that institution in 1838, and married John Phelps, a Vermont lawyer, but in 1841 she resumed the business of teaching and took charge of the Petapoco Institute in Maryland. She closed her labors as a teacher in 1856, but has continued her interest in the education of women. Mrs. Phelps still keeps a dairy, and has made a daily record of events since she was 16 years old. The labors of Mrs. Phelps, as of Mrs. Willard, will always be held in grateful remembrance by teachers and all who seek to promote advanced education for women.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Took Things Easy.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the new chaplain to the worst thief in the penitentiary. "Are you 52 years old? My unfortunate friend, you don't look 30!"

"No," replied the thief, humbly "I don't show my age, but that is because I take things so easy."

And the good chaplain told him that was right; that care and worry made men old faster than hard work.—*San Francisco Exchange.*

Humor.

Brer Shinbones' Mining-Stock.

New York *Times:* "Whar is dis hyar mine?" sez I.

"Right hyar on dis hyar map," sez he, pullin' out a big roll o' papah an' showin' it ter me.

"Now," sez he ter me, sez he, "we am a-goin' ter place dis stock onter de mahket at 25 cents a share. But, as yo' am a fren' o' my fren' hyar, I'll let yo' hab all yo' can take at 10 cents."

Wall, I 'lowed dat he war mighty kind; an' he 'quested me not to menshin it. I tole him I nebber guv anything away. I tought I'd better not put de whole treasury inter dat one stawk, so I tuk a hundid shares, makin' $10. Bless yo' haht! dat berry afternoon de stawk went up ter 27 cents. I went ter my fren', an' sez I, "Don't yo' tink I bettah sell out?"

"No, no, Shinbones," sez he ter me, "hole on; it's a goin' highah."

Shuah 'nuff, de nex' day it war up ter 30 cents an' people war a buyin' of it like mad. I wanted to sell out agin, but dey sez hole on, an' I kotched a fresh holt an' friz right onter it. Nex' day 'twas up ter 33 cents, an' I wanted to sell out agin, but dey say, "Hole on an' yo' git a dollar a share." Well, de nex' day I went ober ter de Minin' Exchange, an' dar I seed a man wot I knowed, an' he says ter me, "Luk at dat blackboahd dar." I looked and read onter it dat dar war an assessment of $1 per share onten my stawk. I went right ober ter my fren's orfis, an' sez I ter he, sez I:

"I want my $100."

"Wot yo' talkin' 'bout?" sez he.

"Assessment—dollah a share," sez I smilin' kinder.

"Luk hyar," sez he, "assessments is wot yo' pay us."

"Wot! Pay yo'? Wot fur?"

"Ter ferrard dewelopment wuk on de mine. Dar's only a little hole in de groun' dar now, an' we want ter make it biggah so's we kin git out de gold."

"But I hain't got no hundred dollahs," sez I ter he, sez I; "how's I gwine ter pay yo'?"

"Wal, onder dose sahcumstances, as yo' owe us $90, we'll take back de stawk an' call it square."

"Yes, sah," sez I, handin' him de stawk, an' mighty glad ter get rid of it, "but whar does I come in?"

"Yo' don't come in 't all; yo' go out."

"Go out?"

"Yes, sah, right out'n dat doah;" an' he tuk me by the shouldah an' gimme de perlite bounce.

The Plumber's Resolve.

Somerville *Journal:* When the plumber returned from church he was in an unusually thoughtful mood, and the gloomy shadow on his face was in deep contrast to the coruscating brilliancy of the diamond that flashed and glowed upon the ruffled bosom of his shirt.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" asked his wife, as she fluttered a jewel-in-crusted fan in whose handle was set a ruby that once belonged to the Begum of Jubbelpore, and which glowed like a piece of red-hot charcoal in a wash-tub mender's brazier.

"I think I will go out of the plumbing business," he replied, as his fingers nervously toyed with a string of pearls that formed his watch chain.

"Go out of the plumbing business!" she exclaimed, starting back and overturning a costly vase which had been exhumed from the ruins of Troy, and which fell upon the crimson velvet carpet with a crash.

"What have you done?" he cried.

"It's nothing," she replied, composedly, "a mere bauble for which I gave the trifling sum of $10,000 out of my last month's pin-money. But tell me, why are you going out of the plumbing business?"

"Well, I learned at church to-day that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"But you will still be rich if you give up the business. You have

Written Expressly for the BLADE.

NASBY IN THE SOUTH.

Fact and Fiction—The Shell Road—Mosquitoes—Women—Levees—Negro Labor.

XVI.

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

New Orleans enjoys a great deal of celebrity that it is not entitled to. Like everything else distance gives it a charm which a close view dissipates. Everybody has heard of the careless happiness of the population, of the continued round of amusements, of the wild, careless pleasure-seeking disposition of the people, until everybody supposes that all New Orleans does is to dance to the pleasings of the lute, or its substitute, the guitar, and what sleep is indulged in is only as a necessary relief from pleasure.

It isn't anything of the kind. There is a general looseness as it were, in the people, more so than the methodical Northern Cities, where life is as much more serious as rock is harder than spongy soil, but life, that is anything like life, is as much a struggle in New Orleans as anywhere. Existence can be had at almost no price—real life has to be fought for.

It is so the world over. We get our ideas of men and things from books, pictures and the stage. Books are written to be read, and pictures painted to be pleasant to look at, and the stage never represents real life. Were pictures exact reproductions of nature they would not sell, books the same, and the stage distorts everything, for effect.

The Alpine milk-maid, who, on the stage, is a charming creature, in short skirts and Parisian shoes with high heels, is, in real life, a clumsy, red-handed, red-armed wench, in wooden shoes, who is no more suggestive of poetry than a clam. So the Quadroon of New Orleans is by no means the happy, handsome, careless creature, the writers have depicted for us. Handsome she usually is, for the mixture of the negro and white in certain proportions always makes a handsome creature, but she works, for she is compelled to, and she is just as interesting, and no more, as any hard worked girl in any part of the world It is very much so with everything.

THE SHELL ROAD.

Who has not heard of the Shell Road? It has been advertised quite as extensively as Niagara Falls, or the great cave in Kentucky. Novelists have depicted love-scenes in carriages, on the Shell Road, and dramatists have used the road for scenes in plays. To the reader who has never seen it, it is a splendid avenue, smooth as a floor, tree-lined, and altogether beautiful. It is an unmitigated fraud. It is simply a road some miles in length, connecting the City with Lake Pontchartrain. It is lined with nothing; it is merely a country road paved with shells. These shells grind up under the hoofs of horses and the wheels of carriages into lime, an impalpable powder which suffocates you when dry and damages your carriage and clothes when wet. A trifle of the white mud thrown upward by the action of the wheels takes the color out of whatever it touches.

As for the country through which it passes, it is worse than vile. On the one side is a canal, a ditch of sluggish, nasty water, on which clumsy vessels are tugged, and on the other stretches a swamp thick enough and wet enough to harbor any reptile that can live half in water and half on very damp land. The trees are stunted and weird in appearance, as are all trees in the swamps in semi tropical countries, and the general appearance of the place is suggestive of lizards, alligators and all other monsters of an outre, ungainly, ferocious, beastly, brutal nature. It is simply an irreclaimable swamp, half under water, and the spots above the ordinary water line saturated and covered with that rank vegetation that flourishes in such localities. it is a weird, awsome-looking place and the reverse of inviting.

Nevertheless, this particular shell road with this swamp on one side, and a sluggish scum-covered canal on the other, its whole length, is famous. When you come to the end of it, there are a few places for resort in the Summer, pinch-beck, lath and plaster concerns, where bands play in the evenings, and drinks, innocent and otherwise, are sold at several prices.

THE SPANISH FORT.

A dummy railroad takes you out to another point on the lake, the old Spanish Fort, where are pleasure grounds with hotels, situated on the site of a fort built by the Spaniards when they held the country. This would be a pleasant spot could one ever get out of sight of these everlasting swamps, and were it kept in any sort of order. But the work of adornment has only been half-done, and the swamps show themselves everywhere. Ground has been thrown up for the hotels and the promenades, but low spots have been left in which the rank vegetation of the wet lands of Louisiana flourish and look as unhealthy as they really are.

In a pond near the little station are a half-dozen alligators, in the filthiest kind of water, they, themselves, the filthiest and most repulsive looking of all created beings. They lie absolutely motionless, their eyes shut as if asleep, and they will not move even when persuaded by the canes and sticks that are constantly prodded into them, despite the prohibition placed upon the enclosure. The way to get an alligator prodded is to put up an announcement forbidding the public to do it.

Notwithstanding the forbidding nature of the approaches and the slovenliness of the appointments after you have reached either the west end or the Fort, they are both thronged in the season by the denizens of the city. Lake Pontchartrain is a very large body of water, and the breezes that sweep its bosom are delightfully cool as compared with the furnace like heat of the City. The grounds are filled nightly with parties consuming beverages, and music is always present, and bad as it is, and better as it might be, the citizens manage to extract much pleasure from the two places. It is a pity, however, that some enterprising Boston man does not get hold of them. He would make them as beautiful spots as there are on earth, and give to New Orleans something that would not only add to her comfort, but something the City would be proud of.

ARCHITECTURALLY.

The architecture of New Orleans is striking in the business parts of the City, and peculiar in the residence streets. There is no more imposing building on the continent than the famous St. Charles Hotel, and the City has a very large number of really fine structures devoted to business.

The residence property is adapted to the climate, and is therefore peculiar to a northern man. The houses run largely to verandahs on the front and galleries on the interior. There are galleries wherever they can be placed, the object of which is to afford as much air as possible. In the stifling heat of summer it is impossible to sit in-doors, and the favorite place for lounging is on the wide galleries where the Gulf breezes can find the people and do them some good. There are galleries to every story, the sleeping rooms of the house opening out upon them wherever possible. All the dwellings have verandahs on each story on the street, and in warm weather, filled as they are evenings with well-dressed women they make a succession of pleasing pictures.

The sidewalks on the business streets are all covered with wooden awnings, which is a necessity. They protect the passer by from the glare of the sun, and, what is of quite as much importance, from the rains which are very frequent and very sudden. This is a feature peculiar to New Orleans, but why it should not be adopted in other Cities is a mystery. Certainly nothing can be more comfortable than covered sidewalks.

THE MOSQUITO.

New Jersey has long enjoyed the proud distinction of growing the largest and most venemous mosquitos of any State in this union, but those who accord this distinction to the State that punishes common criminals and imprisons bank presidents, have never visited the Gulf region. The New Orleans mosquito is several times larger than his New Jersey brother, and is infinitely more venomous and persistent. The precise difference in length of sting has never been determined, but the New Orleans variety has enough for all purposes, and is endowed with a persistency that is fiendish. No netting is sufficient to exclude him, no skin so tough that he cannot penetrate it. Every bed in any respectable house in the City has a net, even the cots for the strangers within their gates must be thus provided to make sleep possible. They are omnipresent and omniverous. The tough cuticle of the negro roustabout or the delicate flesh of the fine lady or the infant—it is all one to the blood-thirsty monsters. They are the pests of the early Spring, the positive terror of the Summer, and the chief annoyance of the Autumn. They do give the citizens rest in Midwinter, but they come early and stay late.

There are wild legends of mosquitos in New Orleans boring through boiler iron, of having sucked blood from negros till death ensued, and all that sort of thing, but they are, doubtless, fables. It is true, however, that they are exceedingly ferocious, and tremendously able-bodied. The low marshes and tangled growth of wood about the City give them abundant breeding places, and in those spots the air is thick enough for them to draw a decent subsistence from it. There is no discount on the Louisiana mosquito.

FEMININE NEW ORLEANS.

The women of New Orleans are more dressy than their sisters of any other City on the continent. Like the women of Vienna, they dress not in accordance with the prescribed law of fashion, but each gratifies her individual taste in adorning her person, which is as it should be. To begin with, they have persons to adorn, which the women of all Cities do not have, that is anything to speak of. Then they are not at all particular as to rules by which to adorn them If a certain color becomes the woman of New Orleans she wears that color, and as it is with color so it is with shapes and styles.

And while they are adorning themselves they do not stop with the mere clothes on their persons. There are probably more cosmetics used in this Southern City than in any two of the same population on the continent. They lay it on with great prodigality. The majority of them polish it down to a delightful smoothness which, were it not so preternaturally red and white, would deceive the elect into a belief into its genuineness, but it is not infrequent to meet one who has performed the work carelessly and the fact that it is kalsomine, and not real flesh tints, is painfully apparent. When the powder is not properly rubbed in, but lays on the surface in flakes, when the carmine has abrupt edges and is not blended into the white, the red shading off into a pink and the pink into a faint flush and thus gradually shading off, not meeting and shaking hands with the white, the attempted deception is too plain to deceive even a purblind man.

It would seem that great skill is necessary in this matter of creating a complexion. It is a purely artistic work, and no one should attempt it who is not competent. No well-thinking man can object for a moment to these additions to feminine attractiveness, for what are women made for but to be pretty? A woman who does not want to be pretty has but an imperfect idea as the purpose of ther creation. Every woman should look pretty if it be possible, and if it requires innocent powder and rouge to produce the result, why not? Shall a woman have a yellow skin when powder that makes cheeks that rival the lily in whiteness and the rose in redness can be had for half a dollar? A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and because all women are not born beautiful must they offend the eye perpetually when a transformation may be effected at a trifling cost? Never.

Only, good judgment and skill must be used to get it on just right. Otherwise the enterprise defeats itself.

New Orleans has beautiful women by the thousand, and they very properly see that the world knows it. It is worth any one's while who has an eye for the beautiful in nature, and art, to stroll along Canal street any fine afternoon. He will see more fine figures, more delightful little feet, and more pretty faces, even though they be frescoed, and more elegantly becoming costumes than in any other City in America. There is a dash, not a bold dash, but an assertion of one's own taste, a freedom in dress, a lack of stiffness and angularity in costume, than he will not find anywhere else this side of the water.

Nature has been very kind to the women of the Crescent City, not only in endowing them physically, but in giving them excellent taste in assisting nature.

THE LEVEE.

The levees of New Orleans are vastly interesting. A levee is simply a bank of earth thrown up to keep the river within bounds, and the only difference between a levee in the city and in the country is, in the cities they are used as wharves. The bank is planked on the water side and stretches away inland as far as the needs of commerce demand.

The levees in New Orleans, serving the double purpose of keeping the river out of the city and making landing places for steamers, are miles in length, and the river front is the busiest part of the city. Small steamers from the upper Ohio, and immense ones in the lower trade, lay in the turbid water, their noses in the bank, and the levee, back for a quarter of a mile is covered with merchandise, of all conceivable kinds, cotton and sugar predominating. The cotton from the up-river country, destined for New England or foreign ports, comes to New Orleans by steamer, and the sugar from the entire sugar-growing districts of the South is collected at this point for shipment to wherever its final destination may be.

The labor on the levees is mostly done by negros. It is black labor that grows the cotton and sugar, and black labor never leaves it until it is finally in the Northern factory or warehouse.

How any human being can perform manual labor under the scorching sun that roasts the Lower Mississippi is a mystery, but they do it. Clad in a simple shirt and trowsers, guiltless of shoes or stockings, with sweat pouring from them in streams, their black faces shining with heat, they are picturesque, if not beautiful. They accompany all their work with song, a wild refrain, to the time of which they move. This is not an unpleasant addition to the scene. The negro has invariably a rich, full, round, sweet voice, and the time they keep is perfect. Without this vocal accompaniment they could not do half the labor they do.

Overseeing each gang is a white man with a club sort of cane, generally in his shirt sleeves, whose principal business is to do the heavy profanity. "Now then, what are you at, you ——— black son of a ———! pull up that end." And this torrent of hideous blasphemy issues from his mouth in a continuous stream, commencing with the beginning of the work, and ending with its completion.

The negros do not seem to pay the slightest attention to it, considering it evidently a part of the business. The profane overseer don't seem to lay much stress upon it either, and profanes steadily, in a purely professional way. Despite the big stick, which he seldom uses, and the procession of oaths that issue from his lips, he is always a good natured man, and rather likes the negroes who work under him.

Sweat! Only the negro sweats. The white man perspires, but the negro sweats. The moisture gathers on his skin in drops, the drops unite and form rivulets, and they roll down the black glistening skin in rivers. The shirt is wringing wet with sweat, the trowsers cling tightly to the legs, and the wool is saturated with it. There is an odor that emanates from the heated, unwashed men that is not exactly that of new mown hay, and that added to the refuse that always accumulates from the handling of this class of merchandise, gives out an all-pervading, far-reaching, pungent odor that is not of Araby the blest.

And then flies and mosquitoes! The spilled sugar strewed everywhere attracts them by the hundred thousand million, and between the flies, and the stench and the noise and confusion, streaked with the harmony of the singing negros, makes it a place not to be visited if one's ears or nose is particularly sensitive.

However, there is much money in all this, and what will men not do for money. Millions upon millions pass through the hands of the sweat-soaked negros, and their labor is the basis of the wealth of the City.

The river in front of the City is very active and always presents a lively and animated scene. There are not as many steamers vexing its muddy waters as formerly, but there are enough to make it very busy, which will continue until something cheaper than water is invented for transportation.

As a steamboat in the lower river trade is an immense Noah's ark, the loading and unloading of the hundreds of them that are always at the levee, gives employment to thousands of men all the time. They work by the hour, and when a steamer is loaded, a certain number of them are selected for the trip. Those left behind, immediately on the conclusion of a job, get their money, which is spent as quickly as possible in the numberless rum-mills and gambling shops that line the river, for, be it known, the negro is the most inveterate gambler that lives. There is no game of chance that he will not play at, and play as long as he has a cent. No matter how often he is robbed of his little money, he will come again and again, and keep coming so long as he can earn a cent. He is superstitious in everything, but his superstition in the matter of gambling is something sublime. He believes in signs and omens, and he will follow them implicitly. He will bet on certain cards or combinations with a blind confidence in the result, and no matter that it fails him twenty times in succession, he will go out and earn more money and come up smiling the twenty-first time, and so on to the end of the chapter.

There are hundreds upon hundreds of faro banks, keno games and poker rooms in the vicinity of the river, whose patrons are negros exclusively. As the kind of living they have costs nothing, all the money they earn goes for whiskey and gambling. The keepers of these places may count their profits by the activity of business on the levee. They get all that is floating.

Ships from all parts of the world come to these levees for cotton, sugar and other products of the South. Every nationality that owns a ship is represented, and the foreign trade added to the domestic makes the levee always a bustling place.

Miscellany.

"PLUG FACTORIES" FOR GIRLS

School-Books Abandoned for a Telegraphic Will o' the Wisp.

"It may seem rough on the women, but my duty has compelled me to close 12 of what you would call telegraph offices, but which are known to people in my business as 'plug factories.'"

This remark was made to a reporter by J. F. Rockford, Superintendent of the Bankers & Merchants' Telegraph Co., Brooklyn.

"You see, it happened this way," said the Superintendent. "When I was placed in my present position the company was connected with the United Telegraph Co. We split off from the United, and I found a number of 'plug factories,' or branch offices, in which there were inexperienced women who were fresh from a telegraph school. There are two of these schools, one over here and one in New York. I felt sorry for the poor girls, but I couldn't employ them conscientiously."

"Why?"

"Because they were not competent. For instance you cannot reasonably expect a girl to be a good operator after a few months' teaching no more than you would expect a young man to become an expert stenographer in six months' time. And yet a great many girls are led to believe otherwise, and some of them are badly deceived."

"In what respect?"

"They go to school, pay about $25 per month for tuition, and are led to believe that they will get positions. They leave school to go to a 'plug factory.'

"And what is a 'plug factory'?

"A little office where scarcely any business is done, and that little by an incompetent person. I have known a girl to make but 15 cents a day. The girls are promised 15 per cent. of what they take in. Some of the 'plug shops' which I cut out didn't take in a dollar on some days, for people will not patronize incompetent operators, and that is why our receipts are increasing daily."

"But there are experienced female operators?"

"Yes, and some of them are as clever as men, but they have had to work like men to acquire their expertness. I think it is outrageous to tell a girl that she can become an operator fit for any office after six months' tuition."

Some Phases of Society Women's Manners.

I shall never forget, when dear little Mrs. A—— was so ill, after her husband had lost everything through the failure of a bank, Lady Languish bringing her about a half a pint of soup one day, and asking that the glass she brought it in might be carefully washed and put away for her until she sent for it! As though Mrs A—— was a pauper on the parish! She only laughed at the fun of it, but her husband could hardly be prevented from pitching the whole thing, glass and all, out of the window.

It was Lady Languish who said to her children's daily governess one morning "Is your cloak lined with fur, Miss Brown?" with an incredulous accent on the word "fur." "Yes, madam," said poor Miss Brown. "Really!" was the reply. "Everybody wears fur now. I shall have to give it up." There are good taste and a good heart for you! As though Miss Brown, who had to be out in all weathers, did not need a warm cloak a thousand times more than her charming cultivated employer.

And I have noticed too, that the extremity of some poor ladies is the opportunity for their richer sisters. There are pieces of old lace, fans, jewels, dinner services and many other things, that could tell their tales of unholy "bargains." I actually heard a woman once say of her own sister, "She wants me to buy her lace flounces, and I have offered her five guineas, but she does not seem willing to take it. I shall wait awhile. She will be glad enough to accept the money in a month or two."

The flounces were well worth £30, but no doubt the hideous bargain was concluded. The "beating down" process is easy when poverty helps. I heard another woman say once, when it was a question of buying something of an impoverished gentlewoman, "Is she very poor?" "Very poor indeed," was the reply, "and in want of the ordinary necessaries of life." "Oh, then, I should think she would take 10 shillings, and be glad to get it. You may tell her I shan't give more."—*London Truth.*

It Was a Straddle.

The Democrats of New Jersey met in Convention yesterday and proceeded to straddle all important issues and howl for the "fraud of 1876." The straddle on the Tariff question was really a marked success, and the voter must be hard to satisfy who cannot find his views met in this "broad and liberal" call. In fact, so broad is it, and spread out so thin, that its framers overreached themselves and turned out something absolutely meaningless. But perhaps that was their object. When the rural population of New Jersey has had 50 or more interpretations on this part of the platform it will, doubtless be in a situation to vote intelligently. —*New York Herald.*

Torpid Liver.

Night sweats, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Monstrosities to Order.

"What is wanted," said the artizan, adding a daub of glue to the dorsal fin of the mermaid, "is something they can put on the canvas that will draw folks in. The side shows are getting ready to start out. They have their fat women, albinos, Brazilian apes, big snakes, and that sort of thing, but they won't draw. Folks will stop and look at the canvas, say that they have seen snakes, monkeys and fat women enough, and will pass on. But if the side show can hang out a mermaid, or a sea serpent, or an alligator boy, folks will pay their dimes and step right in. Usually they find that the monkeys alone are worth the price of admission, and they are not disposed to find fault because the mermaid is not alive. But if some one does find fault the side-show man says to him:

"Look a here, young feller. D'ye s'pose that if I'd a got hold of that mermaid before she died I'd be showin' her up country here for 10 cents a head? No sir; you'd have to come to the City to see her, and pay yer dollar."

Cutting a three-cornered piece out of the codfish skin and neatly drawing it down around the paper-mache body of the mermaid, the artisan went on: "I used to be in the magic line [taking up his shears, swallowing them, and picking them from beneath his knee-pan,] but magic doesn't pay any longer. It pleases the intelligent public, but the public is small."

"How came you to go into the manufacture of monstrosities and curiosities?" asked an *Item* reporter.

"Well, over in New York, one day, I saw in a show window one of these Japanese mermaids. The price was $200. Up country a little while after that, I saw a mermaid advertised in a side show. It was one of Japanese make. I thought if the Japs could get $200 for mermaids I could manufacture them profitably at those figures."

Here the artisan gave the mermaid's tail an upward and sidewise twist, put on some glue and set it up to harden.

"This mermaid," he said, "is made to fit some expensive canvas that a Western man has got hold of cheap. Here is a sketch of it."

It was a rough pencil sketch of a mermaid sporting in the ocean, and a lasso descending over her head from a boat In the distance was the ship from whence the boat came. The scene represented the capture of the mermaid in the Pacific ocean, 400 miles off San Francisco.

"It isn't a bad way," said the artisan, "to make the curiosities to fit the canvas that is to be displayed outside. In that way the sights fill the bill, and the public is not deceived."

"For what is the chief demand this Spring?"

"Mermaids, alligator boys, sea serpents and double babies."

"What does an alligator boy cost?"

"Here is one," leading the way to an inner room and pointing to a creation which he had recently finished, "that cost $75. You see it is about four feet long and covered with leather. The monstrosity is supposed to have been born of negro parents in Louisiana, to have made its escape into a lagoon when about seven years old, and to have been found dying on the bank after a fight with a bull alligator."

"And the double babies?"

"They are modeled after the one that was born of Italian parents here last year. I went to see it, as I go to see all monstrosities that I hear of. Double babies have two heads, four arms, four legs and only one body. It is a job to get them up as they should be, and they are rather xp ensive."—*Philadelphia Item.*

A Great Gun Cast.

The largest gun ever made in this country was cast yesterday at the South Boston Iron Works. The work was done in a pit 40 feet deep and about 12 feet wide, in which had been placed a mold about four feet in diameter. In the interior of this mold was placed the core, consisting of a long wrought-iron flue, around which was placed a layer of rope, and over this a thickness of sand and cement. Into the interior of this core, during the casting, cold water was run in by a pipe down one side, and forced out boiling not on the other side. Near the pit were located three furnaces, each of which contained about 36 tons of molten iron. Connected with each of the furnaces were long troughs for the conveyance of the hot metal to a large iron tank a few feet from the pit, known as the pool or mixer, and from which two short troughs ran into the mold. At about 4:30 the foreman gave the signal to let the mass run, and immediately there was a flow of fiery liquid from each of the furnaces. It took 24 minutes to fill the mold to the brim, and those in charge announced that, as far as it had gone, the casting had been very satisfactory. While the iron is cooling, the stream of cold water will be kept running through the core, and a wooden fire will be kept burning outside and all around the flask. The core will be removed as soon as the iron is cooled sufficiently, and the latter will probably be in a condition to be worked upon by Tuesday. The casting was made with the breech up, and, in order that the gun may be perfectly strong, the mold is constructed about five feet longer than what the gun is intended to be finally, and the part not wanted is cut off. When completed it will be about 50 feet in length, of 12-inch rifle, weighing 212,000 pounds, and worth $28,000, about half the sum a steel gun would have cost. It is calculated to throw a projectile six miles.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Equine Detectives.

A piece of detective work, rivaling in professional acumen and dramatic effect some of the most astonishing achievements of Vidocq, has just been done in Philadelphia by Detective Hauser in connection with the murder case of Frederick Stahl. The body of the victim, it will be remembered, was carried out of town in a wagon, and disposed of under a covered bridge. It occurred to the detective to drive an intelligent gray gelding, belonging to the butcher accused of the murder, Dieterle by name, over the ground that must have been taken. The horse arrived at the spot where the different remains were found, stopped voluntarily at each place and gave the most unmistakable evidence of perfect familiarity with them. The detectives were perfectly convinced by his singular behavior that he knew all about the affair, and that they had arrested the right man. How their evidence is to be introduced into court it is difficult to say. This is not, however, the first time that a horse has proved a valuable assistant in the detection of crime. In Connecticut, the other day, a gentleman attended a church meeting and left a valuable black horse hitched under a shed. When he came out of the meeting he found that his horse had been changed for a wretched and worthless old nag. He referred the matter to the detectives, who searched the neighborhood in vain for the missing animal. At length some one suggested that the old nag should be allowed to go his way, which he did, and went directly to a barn some distance out of town, where the original steed was found. Dogs have frequently played important parts in connection with criminal jurisprudence. In one celebrated case, the dramatized version of which is doubtless familiar to many, a dog proved the principal witness for the prosecution. The horse of Philadelphia will live in story side by side with the celebrated "Dog of Montargis."—*New York Commercial-Advertiser.*

ATLANTA, GA., November 6, 1883.—I am averse on general principles to saying anything commendatory of proprietary articles, but there are a few on the market that force the profession who come in contact with the diseased and suffering to acknowledge their superiority. Among those I find Swift's Specific to rank high. One poor unfortunate requests me to tell you that he had long been a sufferer with terrible blood taint, and securing little if any relief from other treatment, finally resorted to Swift's Specific. He claims now that has afforded him relief, that he feels that his blood is pure again, and wishes me to express his deep obligations, with which I cheerfully comply. Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH JACOBS, Druggist

SOME TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Edison's last words will probably be: "Light of my life, farewell!"—*Erratic Enrique.*

It is said that Speaker Carlisle is such a conscientious and truthful man that he dislikes to let even a bill lie on the table.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

A Cincinnati physician being interviewed says that nearly all physicians are poor men. Perhaps so. Some of them are awfully poor doctors.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Why is it that a man seems to take so much interest in the mangy-looking cur he meets on a country road, and begins to call, "Here, doggy, doggy, nice dog!"—*Boston Post.*

At a public meeting in Idaho, a motion was made that a vote of thanks be passed to the memory of a citizen who had just died. It was carried with much feeling.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

A Michigan man has trained his cat to visit a grocery and steal mackerel for him. And yet writers on natural history claim that Michigan men have no intelligence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Guttenburg invented printing; "but," asks an exchange, "who is the genius who will rise up and invent a proof-reader?" Unfortunately the age of miracles has passed.—*New York Graphic*

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage.—*New York Sun*

On the mash—The careless truckman.——Moving spectacles—The eye-glasses on a truck.——The political spider will have to be fly this year.——The promise of May—I'll make it hot for you before I'm a month old.—*New York Morning Journal*

"Do you believe in spirits, Mrs. McGinty?" "Well, now, since you ax me, mam, I believe that a little drop now and again does me a power o' good. Since me ould man died I feel the need of a little spiritual manifestayshun."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

London *Truth* says the Queen takes a morbid pleasure in all ceremonies of a mournful nature, and literally revels in all the undertaker's details as to coffins, monuments, graves, etc. How the old lady must delight in the London comic weeklies!—*Norristown Herald.*

See, as the high-piled carts
Rumble and roar,
Now the householder starts,
Thirsting for gore!
Watch how he tears his hair,
Hark to his sinful swear.
See the red glance he darts—
His fry galore!
—*New York Morning Journal.*

BANGS AND BANTER.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is very popular in Paris and her weekly receptions are well attended.

Eph says that woman is an enigma; man the solution. When one gives the other up it's a divorce, that is dissolution.—*Boston Courier.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was once poor and unknown. Now she is rich and famous. This comes of writing poetry for 10 years without once mentioning Spring.

Mrs. Langtry during the first season in America earned $229,663; Bernhardt, $300,000, and Henry Irving, $465,604. Men always seem to get paid better than women.

Miss Fairy G. Shafer, of Madisonburg, Pa., recently patched a quilt containing 4,918 distinct pieces. The young lady is doubtless the champion quilt-maker of the Keystone State.

New York City has 25 widows whose wealth is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 each. If they would only conceal the fact that they live in New York, they might easily get husbands.

They say that the Empress of Austria in her equestrian performances carries a whip in the head of which there is stored a charge of electricity, so that she can startle or subdue the horse by administering an electric shock.

Mrs. Ada Read, who was elected Justice of the Peace at Livermore Borough, Westmoreland County, for a joke, has filed her bond, taken out her commission and proposes to serve. Women never could appreciate humor.

The Queen of Hanover has enough Christian names to start a dictionary. The full list is Alexandrina Maria Wilhelmina Catherine Charlotte Theresa Henrietta Louisa Pauline Elizabeth Frederica Georgina, although some of them may have got away.

"Alonzo, dear, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked dreamily. "No, darling, I do not," he replied. "Well, Alonzo, that ghosts to show you are not superstitious." Then they fell into a sweet, calm sleep.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

Twenty-one young women doctors have just graduated at a Chicago medical college. All of them are warranted not to faint at the sight of blood when they mash their fingers while putting down carpets. Every year woman is becoming more useful.—*Boston Budget.*

"Do birds think?" asked a writer in opening a current article. We know what a canary bird thinks of the woman who stands up in a chair and talks baby through the brass wires of the cage.—*Providence Star.*

A Boston girl while at the seashore overheard a young man speak of the "bosom of the broad Atlantic." Fortunately the gathering shades of night and a pair of spectacles prevented her dismayed confusion from becoming apparent, and as soon as she could do so without attracting attention she retired to her own room.

Mr. Ruskin said disagreeable things about women's brains and the female sex in art and literature in his younger days, but he has lived long enough to learn better and take most of them back. He is adored by women now in his old days, and has many correspondents among young ladies.

PELLETS FOR PILL-MAKERS.

England has a thousand female doctors. Well, its pleasanter to die by a gentle hand. —*Boston Times.*

It is a physical fact that physicians are never arrested for killing people.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

England has a thousand female doctors. Englishmen considers it great luxury to be sick.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Bananas are unusually cheap just now, and the surgeons have all the business they can possibly attend to.—*Chicago Sun.*

A physician in this city announces by card that during the banana season broken legs will be set at a reduced rate to families. —*Philadelphia Call.*

Lavater: "He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own." Young physician, paste this in your sombrero.—*Boston Courier.*

Chinese doctors make a reduction in their charges when the patient is old. It doesn't take so much medicine to kill.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The author of the song "Why Did They Dig Pa's Grave So Deep?" evidently did not live anywhere in the vicinity of a medical college.—*Merchant Traveller.*

A Cincinnati physician being interviewed says that nearly all physicians are poor men. Perhaps so. Some of them are awfully poor doctors.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Ella Wheeler, in one of her poems, says: "Succeed and give, and it helps you live; but no man can help you die." She forgets the young doctor.—*New Orleans Picayune*

SOME CONUNDRUMS.

Query—Can the father of a dwarf be regarded as a short-haired man?—*Boston Times.*

Why is soap-grease like a song and dance artist? Because it appears in the ohio.—*Boston Transcript.*

Is it proper for an old toper to speak of his drunken companion as his booze-un friend?—*Gonverneur.*

Why is it that editors "who prefer a pipe to a cigar" make a specialty of accepting cigars?—*Philadelphia Call.*

One is a fac-simile and the other is a sick family, but what on earth is the conundrum?—*Waterloo Observer.*

Does a woman hold the mirror up to nature when she paints her face with the aid of a hand-glass?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Why is it that people boot a dog, shoo a hen, and slipper round the corner when they see a creditor approaching?—*Chicago Sun.*

The difference between a minstrel joke and a product of Pittsburg is probably this: One is real stale, and the other's steel rail. —*Chronicle-Telegraph.*

We quite disremember the first conundrum propounded in the Bible; but we think it was something about Jonah, and the whale gave it up.—*Chicago Sun.*

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll read the conscience of the king."

And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" (the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effectual means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleaning the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druggists.

A THRILLING EPISODE.

A Locomotive Engineer's Instinct—How He Saved a Train and How He Saved Himself.

One of the darkest and stormiest nights of the recent unusual winter, the express on one of the leading New York railroads was moving west from Albany. The engine's headlight threw a strong reflection in advance, but the storm was so blinding it was almost impossible to distinguish anything even at a short distance. Under such circumstances instinct necessarily takes the place of sight. All seemed to be going well when, in an instant, the engineer reversed his engine, applied the air brakes, and came to a full stop. Why he did so he could not tell any more than any of us can account for the dread of coming disaster and death, and to the wondering inquiry of his fireman he simply said: "I feel that something is wrong." Seizing a lantern he swung himself down from the cab, and went forward to investigate. Everything appeared to be right, and he was about to return to his engine, when his eye caught sight of a peculiar appearance at the joint of the rail next to him. Brushing the accumulated snow away, he looked a moment, and then uttered an exclamation of horror. The rails on both sides had been unspiked and would have turned over the instant the engine touched them. What inspired this attempt at train-wrecking is unknown, but it was presumed the confederates of some prisoners who were on the train, hoped, in the confusion of an accident, to deliver their friends.

Engineer John Donohoe, of Albany, to whose wonderful instinct was due the salvation of the train, when asked by the writer why he stopped his engine, said:

"I can't tell why. I only know I *felt* something was wrong."

"Do you have these feelings often when upon the road?" continued the writer.

"No, very seldom, although for the past 20 years I have been in a condition to feel apprehension at almost anything."

"How is that?"

"Why, I have been a victim of one of the worst cases of dyspepsia ever known. I have not been confined to my bed, as like thousands of others, I am compelled to work whether able or not. Indeed, when it first took only a loss of appetite, a faint feeling that would not go away and a bad taste in the mouth, but I finally got those terrible craving and knawing feelings that make life so unbearable and are known as general debility."

"What did you do?"

"I tried physicians until I became discouraged. I gave eight different ones fair tests, but none of them benefitted me. I then tried proprietary medicines, but they failed like wise. It looked pretty dark for me so far as any more peace or enjoyment in this world were concerned and I became terrible discouraged."

"You certainly do not look that way now."

"Oh, no, indeed, I am in perfect health now," was the reply " and I propose to continue so. My nervousness is entirely gone; I can sleep nights; the aching numbness has disappeared; the pale, sickly appearance has givin place to the color of health, and I have readily put on flesh. This is what has been accomplished by means of Warner's Tippecanoe. If I can be cured after a chronic illness of nearly a quarter of a century I believe all suffering in a similar manner can be restored by using the same great remedy."

Such is the testimony of a man who could detect and remove unseen danger on the road but could not remove the dangers from within his own system until brought face to face with the great preparation above named which did so much for him and can do as much for all those who require it.

RECENT LITERATURE.

UNITED STATES ART DIRECTORY AND YEAR BOOK. By S. R. Koehler. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

This is a most useful handbook to all interested in artistic matters and movements. It supplies practical information relative to societies, exhibitions, the addresses of artists, etc., and points out the facilities existing here for the enjoyment and culture of fine art. The compiler is well known as a writer on art, and is well qualified for a task which has been faithfully performed. The appended illustrations alone give the work beauty and value.

SIX CENTURIES OF WORK AND WAGES. The History of English Labor. By James E. Thomas Rogers, M. P. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is the work of an eminent political economist. Professor Rogers brings to his task the acquirements of research and study, a logical and tolerant spirit, and a thorough conviction as to the value of the historical method (as opposed to the dogmatic) of political economy. The first six chapters deal with English society up to the end of the Thirteenth century, and especially with agriculture, which was the pursuit of the large majority. Life in Towns and the processes of trade are also touched upon. The remainder of the work treats of the history of Labor and wages, although the subject naturally and necessarily calls for a glance at political history and the general history and progress of agriculture.

THE MIRACLES OF FAITH. A sketch of the Life of Bessie Paulus. By Mary Weithrecht. With an Introduction by Rev. Chas. S. Robinson, D. D. Published by Dodd, Meade & Co., New York.

This is a pleasant little story of an attractive and beautiful character—a faithful Christian woman, whose entire existence seemed lost in the will and wisdom of God.

METHODS OF TEACHING GEOGRAPHY. By Lucretia Crocker. Published by the Boston School Supply Company, Boston.

This is an invaluable handbook for teachers in all kinds of schools.

REVEALED RELIGION Expounded by its Relations to the Moral Being of God. By the Rt. Rev. Henry Cottrell, D. D., Bishop of Edinburg. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is the Bedell lecture for 1883, and, as the author's name would indicate, is very exhaustive and scholarly.

THE DORE GALLERY. Illustrations of the Principal Events in the Old and New Testaments, with Descriptive Texts. By Josephine Pollard. Published by John B. Alden, New York.

This is an admirable collection of these wonderful dreamings of Dore's, printed in excellent style on fine heavy paper, octavo size, and the volume handsomely bound.

THROUGH SPAIN ON DONKEY BACK. Drawings by W. Parker Boffish, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., publishers. Price, $1 50.

This pretty little volume, crowded as it is with pen and pencil sketches of Spanish people and scenery, will be enjoyed by all readers. Traveling through Spain "on Donkey-back" afforded the artist ample opportunities to sketch the people in their homes and while engaged in their daily work or Sunday amusements. His facile pencil shows the pauper and priest, the soldier and the citizen, the dancer and the singer, the senorita and her maid, the muleteer, peasant and herdsmen; and we see in his pictures the dreamy, sunny atmosphere of the land, and mark the indolence and indifference of the inhabitants.

EVERYBODY'S PAINT BOOK. By F. B. Gardner, Published by M. T. Richard, New York.

"Everybody's Paint Book," a complete guide to the art of outdoor and indoor painting, designed for the special use of those who wish to do their own work, and consisting of practical lessons in plain painting, varnishing, polishing, staining, paperhanging, kalsomining, etc., as well as directions for renovating furniture, and hints on artistic work for home decoration, together with a full description of tools and materials used. Precise directions are given for mixing paints for all purposes.

STORY OF CHINESE GORDON. By Egmont Hake. Published by R. Worthington, New York.

Copious extracts have already been made in this paper from "The Story of Chinese Gordon," by Egmont Hake, which has been republished in this country by A. Worthington. It is a volume of remarkable interest, and will be read with unusual interest just now, when the fate of the illustrious soldier is being discussed with so much feeling in both England and America. A portrait prefaces the book.

MAGAZINE OF ART.

The *Magazine of Art* for June is an admirable number in every point of view. The illustrations, of which

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same sheet with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

F. H., Jewell, Kan.:
Give the postoffice address of Gen. Fitz John Porter.
Washington, D. C., at present.

O. D., Maysville, W. Va.:
Is Judge Turgee's book, "A Fool's Errand," a true statement, or a work of fiction?
A combination of both.

E. S., Zanesville, O.:
When and what was the last Territory admitted into the Union?
Colorado, August 1, 1876; area in square miles, 150,925; in acres, 66,512,000.

C. L., New Straitsville, O.:
1. What act, if any, was passed by Congress in 1850 concerning the Mormons? 2. Is the Commissioner of Agriculture a Cabinet officer?
1. The law known as the Edmunds act; it is too long to republish. 2. No.

J. H., (no Postoffice).
Please give a recipe for black stain for any kind of white wood.
Boil one pound logwood in four quarts water; add a double handful of walnut peel or shells; boil it up again, take out the chips, add one pint best vinegar, and it will be ready for use; apply boiling hot. This will be improved by applying a hot solution of green copperas dissolved in water (an ounce to a quart) over the first stain.

A. A. J., Big Springs, Mich.:
1. How long ago do we have any account of aurora borealis being seen? 2. Is there any account of what is called the falling of the stars before the year 1833?
1. Two or three hundred years. 2. Yes; in 599 and 1799. An Arabian writer says: "In the year 599, on the last day of Moharrem, stars shot hither and thither, and flew against each other like a swarm of locusts; this phenomenon lasted until day-break; people were thrown into consternation, and made supplication to the Most High. There was never the like seen except on the coming of the messenger of God, on whom be benediction and peace."

J. R., Verndale, Minn.:
1. Is marl and bog lime the same thing? 2. Is marl a good fertilizer without burning into lime?
1. Marl contains a large proportion of carbonate of lime, sometimes 40 to 50 per cent. In the Northern States rich marl deposits are often found at the bottom of ponds, in the form of a thin white mud, filled with minute fresh-water shells of living species. 2. In New Jersey the green sand (there called marl) is dug from pits during the Winter and brought out upon the fields, where it is spread to be plowed in. The effect is experienced with the first crop, and continues for several years. We do not understand that marl requires to be burned.

N. S. S., Fletcher, Ills:
Please tell me who Boccaccio was, and give a sketch of his life.
He was an Italian poet and novelist, born in Paris, in 1313. He was apprenticed to a merchant in Paris, with whom he remained six years; he next tried law, then returned to commerce and settled in Naples. Having access to the library of the King, Robert of Anjou, he again abandoned trade and gave himself up to the pursuit of learning. At the death of the King, Joanna, his granddaughter, ascended the throne, and Boccaccio found his position more enviable than it had been before. In 1353 he published his "Decameron," a collection of 100 stories, supposed to have been told by a party of ladies and gentlemen at a country house near Florence, while the plague was raging in that city. This work is regarded as one of the purest specimens of Italian prose, although deformed with licentious thoughts and descriptions. In 1359 Boccaccio reformed and applied himself to theology. Toward the close of his life he found himself poor and deserted by all his friends except Petrach. This great poet stood by him, and obtained a position for him in Florence, where he continued till his death, which occurred in 1375. His great fame rests upon his "Decameron."

N. Y. R., Lyonsville, Cal:
1. What was postage in the United States in 1849? 2. When was it changed to five and ten cents, and to three cents?
1. A single letter, carried not over 30 miles, 6¼ cents; over 30 and under 80, 10 cents; over 80 and under 150, 12½ cents; over 150 and under 400, 18¾ cents; over 400, 25 cents, and an additional rate for every additional piece of paper; and if the letter weighed an ounce, four times these rates. 2. In 1845 the following rates were adopted: For a letter not exceeding one-half ounce, under 300 miles, five cents; over 300 miles, 10 cents; and an additional rate for every additional half ounce or fraction. In 1851, rates were changed as follows: On a single letter of one-half ounce, under 3,000 miles, if prepaid, five cents; over 3,000 miles, six or 12 cents. In 1852 the postage on letters sent over 3,000 miles and not prepaid, was 10 cents. July, 1, 1855, postage was reduced to three cents under 3,000 miles, and 10 cents for all over that distance, and all inland letter postage was to be prepaid. Other changes were made 1872-74-75-83.

S. W., Ocoya, Ill.:
Please give directions for fixing and covering beams and ceilings with canvas and dressing, like those we see for sale at the stores.
When first butchered, rub the hams and shoulders with salt, and let them remain in that condition 24 or 36 hours. This will draw out the blood and prepare them for the brine, of which you should have a sufficient quantity in a cask to cover all the pieces you wish to treat in this way. They should remain in the brine six weeks —longer will not hurt them. Brush off carefully the salt and impurities before putting into the brine. At any time after six weeks take them out of the brine, insert a strong string in the large end, and hang them up in the smoke house, hock end downwards. Smoke with green hickory chips if possible. After being sufficiently smoked or dried, make loose bags of brown domestic, amply large to receive the hams, which wrap up in a large sheet of brown paper. Put it in the bag and tie up carefully the mouth, leaving out the string by which it was hung up, and return it to the hook in the smoke house, or pantry, cellar, or any other safe, convenient place. The paper and cotton bags effectually protect the ham from the fly, and it will keep years in this condition.

H. R. L., Lynn, D. T.:
As there is quite a lot of gypsum in the ground here, I would like to know what it is good for and whether it is valuable.
Gypsum, plaster of Paris or sulphate of lime, substantially the same article under three different names, is an important fertilizer. It should be ground very fine, the finer the better, as it must be dissolved before it can add the growth of plants. It is used as a top dressing on pastures, grass, grain and growing crops. The nature of the soil, as with other fertilizers, determines its value as a fertilizer. A soil already full is not benefited by more; an exhausted soil cannot be expected to become fertile by its application alone, but it will greatly aid barnyard manure; cold, wet soils must be underdrained before it will benefit them. But farms either sandy or gravelly or loamy, if also well manured, are also greatly benefited by plastering. The uses of gypsum in the arts are varied and important. If mixed with a solution of borax, alum or sulphate of potash, and subsequently reheated and powdered, and again mixed with a solution of alum, it forms a hard cast which takes a high polish. This composition is called Keene's cement if made with alum, Parian if with borax, and Martin's if with potash. In the preparation of plaster of Paris the gypsum rock is ground between buhr stones until it is reduced to a fine powder. This is calcined by heating in kettles or stills, the escaping water producing a movement like ebullition.

H. P., Erie City, Pa:
1. In looking over some old numbers of the BLADE, I find Nasby's "Hannah Jane," and I along with some other subscribers, would be very glad to have you reprint it. 2. Is Hannah Jane still living? 3. Is Petroleum V. Nasby's right name Locke or Merriweather?
1. We again make room for the poem, in deference to nearly 100 requests on file. 2. We are happy to say that Hannah Jane still survives, but her step is very feeble and her eyes are growing dim; she is nearing her reward. 3. Locke.

HANNAH JANE—BY D. R. LOCKE (NASBY.)

She isn't half so handsome as when, twenty
years agone,
At her old home in Piketon, Parson Avery made
us one;
The great house crowded full of guests of every
degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all
envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin as
white as milk;
Her brown hair—what a mess it was! and soft
and fine as silk;
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such
a grace,
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna
face.

She had but meager schooling; her little notes'
were full of crooked pot-hooks, and the worst
orthography;
Her "dear" she spelled with double *e*, and "kiss"
with but one *s*;
But when one's crazed with passion, what's a
letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered
more in life;
And every rule of syntax, that old Murray
made, she broke;
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well, I
was young;
Her form and face o'erbalanced all the blunders
of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at
school;
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a little
more by rule;
But that was all. The neighbors round, who
both of us well knew,
Said—which I believed—she was the better of
the two.

All's changed; the light of seventeen's no longer
in her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's
art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly for-
ward bends;
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are stumpy
at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little are we
one;
The beauty rare, that more than hid that great
defect, is gone.
My parents relations now deride my homely
wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod, for
life.

I know there is a difference; at reception and
levee,
The brightest, wittiest, and most famed of
women smile on me;
And everywhere I hold my place among the
greatest men;
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's Judge,
"Alas! it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames
and brilliant belles,
And yield to me the homage that all great suc-
cess compels,
Discussing art and state-craft, and literature as
well
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Sweden-
borg on "Hell,"

I cannot forget that from these streams my
wife has never quaffed,
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack
and Jill waded knee-deep;
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly
knows the names;
And she slept while I was speaking on the "Ala-
bama claims."

I can't forget—just at this point another form
appears—
The wife I wedded as she was before my pros-
perous years;
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by
side,
And wonder what my share would be, if Justice
should divide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the
old estate;
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored,
faced our fate;
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder
far than mine—
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the
work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal
lore,
An office with a stove and desk, of books per-
haps a score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and some
housewifely skill,
And love for me and faith in me, and back of
that a will.

I had no friends behind me—no influence to
aid;
I worked and fought for every little inch of
ground I made.
And how we fought beside me!—never woman
lived on less;
In two long years she never spent a single cent
for dress.

Alas! how she cried for joy when my first legal
fight was won,
When our eclipse passed partly by, and we
stood in the sun;
The "fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of
half a year;
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal
bow and spear.

I well remember when my coat (the only one I
had)
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact,
most shocking bad,
The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order
made:
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do
our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that
very day;
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tail-
or's bill to pay;
I got a coat and wore it; but, alas! poor Han-
nah Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm
weather came again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any
sort,
That I might have a decent suit in which to ap-
pear in court;
She made her last year's bonnet do, that I might
have a hat;
Talk of the old-time, flame-enveloped martyrs
after that!

No negro ever worked so hard; a servant's pay
to save,
She made herself most willingly a household
drudge and slave.
What wonder that she never read a magazine or
book,
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid,
seamstress, cook.

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so
adored;
Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire
devoured;
Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair
to be concealed;
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy
strength congealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial
flame;
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar
came,
And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not
know it then—
All that she was, and, more than that, all that
she might have been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were
wider parted!
I was far up the rising road—she, poor girl,
where we started.
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained
strength in every race;
I was far up the hights of life—she drudging at
the base.

She made me take each fall the stump; she
said 'twas my career;
The wild applause of list'ning crowds was music
to her ear;
What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary soli-
tude?
For me she lived on gladly in unnatural widow-
hood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the
papers all agreed
'Twas the best one of the season, those com-
ments she could read;
And with a gush of pride thereat, which I had
never felt,
She sent them to me in a note, with half the
words misspelt.

I to the Legislature went, and said that she
should go.
To see the world with me, and, what the world
was doing, know.
With tearful smile she answered: "No! four
letters in the pay;
The Bates House rates for board *for one* is just
that sum per day."

At twenty-eight the State House; on the bench
at thirty-three;
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to
me.
I nursed my powers, and grew, and made my
point in life; but she—
Bearing such pack-horse weary loads, what
could a woman be?

What could she be? Oh, shame! I blush to
think what she has been,
The reason unselfish of all wives to the selfishest
of men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ig-
norant, 'tis true;
For me she's rubbed herself quite out; I repre-
sent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men
have done—
First break her heart with cold neglect, then
shove her out alone.
The world would say 'twas well, and more,
would give great praise to me,
For having borne with "such a wife" so un-
complainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah,
God, and me,
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eter-
nity.
No matter what the world may think; I know,
down in my heart,
That, if either, I'm delinquent; she has bravely
done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and, on the
final day,
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion
weigh?
When the great one, made of us two, is torn
apart again,
I'll fare the worst, for God is just, and He knows
Hannah Jane.

W. M. M., Boston, Mass.: Write to the Adjutant General U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

J. W., Doggett, Mich.: Write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, D. C.

J. G. S., (no Postoffice).
Is the old town of Maumee included within the corporate limits of Toledo?
No; it is known as South Toledo.

J. G. S., Salem, N. C.: There is a bill pending in Congress to extend the time for filing claims under the arrears of pension act. Pensioners paid under that act received their money in one payment.

J. B. Beverly Station, Mo.:
1. When will the Legislature be elected that elects a successor to Sen. Mahone in Virginia? 2. What was the Republican plurality in Oregon at the election in 1882? 3. Will there be a new Legislature elected in Oregon in June?
1. In 1885. 2. The majority on Governor was 1,412. 3. In Oregon the Governor and State officers are elected quadrennially, and members of the Legislature every two years. The election will take place June 2, and the Legislature meet January 5, 1885.

A great many inquiries have been made of late about Washington Territory. Here is what an emigrant writes from Spokane Falls: "We do not find any homesteads out here good for anything. The land is mostly covered with pine timber; such land is not fit for farming. There is some very rich land here, but the largest portion is very rough and mountainous; it is mostly sandy, gravel. The railroad company owns good land here, yet it is no stock country here. No hay is raised to feed in winter. Cows are from $50 to $75, and poor ones at that. This is the poor man's home, for here are plenty of poor farms. If there is a better part of Wash ington Territory I want to know where it is."

S. H., Dundas, Minn.:
I have seen it stated that John the Baptist and John the Evangelist were Freemasons. Will you be so kind as to give the scriptural reference, if there is any, to prove it?
The gospel of John the Evangelist is important to Masons, because he preached love, and his book contains the fundamental doctrines of Freemasonry. John the Baptist was esteemed as the patron of architects. It was formerly required that all Masonic societies should labor under a patron. The changed circumstances of the times have rendered the expression, "patron of Masonry," very nearly an obsolete notion. Charles I. was the patron of the English Masons from 1625 to 1644. We do not know of any scriptural reference.

F. G. E., Tekonsha, Mich.:
1. Is a marriage ceremony legal if performed on Sunday? 2. Who were the members of Washington's Cabinet? 3. Does the BLADE furnish back numbers? 4. Please describe the climate, soil, etc., of Nevada. 5. Please give a short sketch of Peter the Great, of Russia. 6. What is the average remuneration of a newspaper reporter?
1. Supposed to be; never heard of any being declared illegal. 2. Secretaries of State, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, Timothy Pickering; Secretaries of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, Oliver Wolcot; Secretaries of War and Navy, Henry Knox, Timothy Pi r ing, James McHenry; Postmasters General, Samuel Osgood, Timothy Pickering, Joseph Habersham; Attorneys General, Edmund Randolph, William Bradford, Charles Lee. The War Department had also the superintendence of naval affairs up to April, 1798, when a Navy Department was established. The Postmasters General were not recognized as members of the Cabinet until 1829, but are given in the above list. 3. Not as a usual thing. 4. The BLADE has frequently published letters from Nevada, giving this information. 4. He was the third son of Alexis Michaelowitz, and was born in Moscow in June, 1672. On the death, in 1682, of the Czar Theodore, the eldest son of Alexis, the throne was left by the will of his sovereign to his youngest brother, Peter—Ivan, the intermediate heir, being set aside on account of his mental incapacity. This election of the young, shrewd and clever boy to the exclusion of his imbecile brother, so enraged the Princess Sophia—an elder sister, who had hoped to retain, as regent, her influence as guardian of Ivan—that she excited a rebellion, which resulted in a compromise, admitting Ivan to a share in the Government and establishing the ambitious Sophia as regent during the minority of both boys. When Peter had attained his 17th year, a secret marriage was effected between himself and the daughter of one of the nobility. When this was discovered by Prince Galitzin, Princess Sophia's lover and coadjutor in office, an insurrection was excited, which resulted in the banishment of Galitzin, the incarceration for life of Sophia, and the assumption by Peter of absolute and unfettered authority. Though very imperfectly educated, he was endowed with a strong, vigorous and original mind. He determined to make himself the type for his people's imitation. That he might thoroughly understand all the arts of war, he entered the ranks of his own army as a common soldier, and only rose by merit and actual service through all subordinate grades to the post of command. He next commanded all the sons of the nobility to enter the ranks and learn their profession from the lowest to the highest station. He sent a number of young men wherever shipbuilding was carried on, to learn that trade in all its departments. At the same time, to render himself capable of judging of the merits of his new workmen, he proceeded in disguise to different shipyards and entered himself among the shipwrights, receiving the same wages and living and working as an ordinary mechanic. In 1700—his brother Ivan having died four years previously—he entered into an alliance with Denmark and Poland against Sweden, and for the next nine years waged a constant war with Charles XII. He accepted his repeated defeats as lessons in the art of warfare, and he turned them to such advantage that, from being beaten at the heae of 80,000 by 10,000 of the enemy, he was enabled, before the close of the war, to defeat an overwhelming army with a mere handful of well-disciplined Muscovites. In 1713 Peter divorced his wife and married Catharine Alexina, the widow of a Polish Sergeant, who followed him through all his campaigns, and once saved his army from annihilation or abject surrender by bribing the Grand Vizier of the Turks to permit its retreat. He seemed to be continually at war, and was constantly adding to his dominions and establishing the groundwork of that immense empire. In self-protection, he imprisoned his first wife and banished his son Alexis, who fomented several bloody rebellions. The son was afterwards sentenced to death by a military court and Peter signed the warrant, but the son died suddenly before the execution, it is believed from poison administered by direction of his father. Having conquered all opposition, he assumed the title of Peter the Great, Father of His Country and Emperor of All the Russias, and devoted the rest of his life to the advancement and prosperity of his people, and died, honored and mourned by the whole nation, January 25, 1725, leaving his crown and dominions to his Empress, Catharine. 6. About $2.50 a day.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.
Letter containing 30c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.
Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed G. Drummond.
Letter containing 10c., no address, signed A. P. Higley.
Letter containing $1, no name or address.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed H. E. Farr.
Letter containing money order No. 1,565 for $1.10, postmarked Scio, Oregon, no order or name.
Letter containing $1, from New Lisbon, Wis., no order or name.
Letter containing $1, no date, signed W. Y. Smith.
Letter containing 30c, dated at Mariana, no State, signed Mrs. R. A. Sexton.
Letter containing 30c., no date, signed Wm Campbell.
Letter containing $1, dated at Westerville, Neb., no signature.
Letter containing $1, from Jefferson, O., no signature.
Letter containing $2, dated at Westport, Cal., signed Alex. Gordon, no order.
Letter containing $1, dated at Hammond, no State, signed Z. S. Keyes, P. M.

Parties remitting money or express order SHOULD ALWAYS give their name and address. We often get money without either, and afterwards inquiries as to the receipt of the money. Our patrons will please bear this in mind, as we can do nothing without their NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease, is entitled to pension. Widows, Minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers and sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to military service, are entitled. **Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increase.** Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Last Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Horse claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send 6c. in postage for New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. H. S. EARLE & CO., 7½ Eleventh St., Washington, D. C.

The Great Seafield Tree Plantations.

The Seafield estates comprise 160,000 acres in Invernesshire, 50,000 acres in Banffshire, and 97,000 acres in Morayshire, the rental amounting to about £75,000 a year. Castle Grant, in Strathspey, is the old seat of the family, and around it are some of the best grouse moors in the Highlands. Cullen House, Banffshire, the favorite residence of Lady Seafield, is a very pleasant place, and close to the sea. Balmacaan, in Glen Urquhart, is a large shooting lodge, and lies amid an excellent deer forest, which is let to Sir Henry Allsopp, who has sublet it to Mr. Bradley-Martin of New York. Tulchan and Advie, the well-known shootings of Mr. Bass, are on the Seafield property, and so are the noted forests of Abernethy and Kinveachie, let respectively to Lady Stamford and to Sir Greville Smyth.

The encumbrances on the Seafield estate amount to nearly £800,000, but the Strathsey woods will, in the course of a few years, enormously increase the income. It was estimated recently that in 30 years they will realize £50,000 a year, not merely for one year, but regularly year after year. There are a hundred square miles under timber in the district, on the estates of Lady Seafield and the Duke of Richmond, principally the former. The grandfather of the late Earl commenced planting about 1820, and since 1855 the work has been done in a thoroughly systematic manner. In two plantings near Carr Bridge there are 35,000,000 trees on 25,000 acres. The trees are principally larches, spruce, and firs; but 105 varieties are grown on the estates, and there are large nurseries near Abernethy. Over 200 persons are employed in the forests, which are well worth a visit from any one interested in the subject.—*London World.*

Billing Col. Ingersoll.

A New York correspondent says: I was talking the other day with young Davis, of the Forepaugh show, a quiet, bright young man who used to manage Col. Ingersoll's lectures for him. "Ingersoll was very easy to handle," he observed. "He didn't require the careful working up which must be done for most entertainments. A few lithographs and posters were sufficient to draw a big house, because the newspapers always gave him plenty of free advertising. But he used to like to think he had been billed like a circus. So I always kept one of his lithographs until the last moment before it was time for him to arrive, and then fixed it with the clerk of the hotel so that it could be hung right above the counter where nobody approaching for his key could fail to see it. Col. Ingersoll would come in register his name, and of course see the lithograph I had put up for him. Then he would come over to where I was standing and say, with the utmost satisfaction, 'Well, Davis, we ought to have a good house to-night. I see you have worked the town up first-class.'"

A Run on Marbles.

Another failure is recorded. Johnny Brown, who had been operating quite extensively in marbles, has had a run of bad luck lately, and owes commons, alleys, and Chinese to all the boys. However, it is not thought that the failure will have any appreciable effect upon the dry goods, grocery, and provision markets.—*Boston Transcript.*

"See What Cuticura Does for Me."

INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalled Head, Every Form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES. ABSOLUTELY PURE AND SAFE. Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cents.; Cuticura Soap, an Exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1, are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Regeneration for enfeebled systems, suffering from a general wast of tone, and its usual concomitants, dyspepsia and nervousness, is seldom derivable from the use of a nostrum, but a genuine corrective, is the real need. It is the possession of this grand requirement which makes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters so effective as an invigorant and tonic.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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PATENTS.

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Write to T. W. TALLMADGE, Washington, D. C., Who will procure your Pension. Twenty-two years experience as attorney. Recommended by Senator John Sherman and others.

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ALABASTINE.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, LANSING, April 19, 1884.

To M. B. Church, Manager.

DEAR SIR:—The Alabastine put on the walls of the Chemical Laboratory more than four years ago is in as good condition and bright in appearance as when first applied. We have had a leaky roof that injured it. The Alabastine seems to grow harder with age, making a firm and coherent covering, and has an agreeable tint to the eye. In contact, as whitewash and calcimine will. I am well satisfied with Alabastine. Yours faithfully,
R. C. KEDZIE, Professor of Chemistry.

Alabastine is the only wall finish that hardens with age. It will stand a little washing, while a drop of clear water will wash any kalsomine made. For sale by all paint dealers. Ask for circular with the twelve tints.

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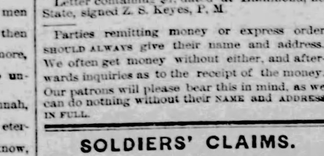

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, May 22, 1884.

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Circulation Last Week, 112,000.

THE non-arrival of an expected installment of "Court and Camp" will sadly disappoint the BLADE'S many readers, but it will be resumed next week.

OUR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We cannot spare space in which to announce in full our campaign terms for the WEEKLY BLADE. We have decided upon terms for short time subscriptions lower than will be offered by any other paper, so low in fact that clubs will be raised in every town, proportionate in number to the number of families.

These terms will be sent to everybody on application. We want some one in every town to raise us clubs for the coming campaign. Send for specimens and terms, and devote one day to raising a club of 100. We shall make it worth any one's time to assist in extending the power of the BLADE for good.

A YOUNG man was lately sentenced to five years in the New York State Penitentiary for stealing two coats from the room of a fellow-boarder. His friends are circulating a petition for his pardon upon the plea that he is the victim of the opium habit, and being desperate, thought he would commit a minor offense, which would shut him up for three months, thus taking it out of his power to obtain the drug. His is not the only instance of mistaken calculation.

LORD ST. LEONARDS, who is in jail in London for a criminal assault, threatens to appeal to the provision in the British Constitution which allows a Baron to demand a trial by his peers. That sort of nonsense at this time will not be received very pleasantly by the English people. The old reverence for the nobility is rapidly dying away.

THE enthusiasm with which the Royal family of Russia was received by the populace in the streets of St. Petersburg, upon the occasion of the coming of the Czarowitch of age shows that either Nihilism has been frightened into the background, or the present sovereign is more popular. Probably it is the former.

THE annual loss by fire in the United States is about $100,000,000, which is six times as great as that of Germany. This is largely the result of the clap trap way of building so largely indulged in in this country. Structures are not put up with any degree of permanence, but simply with a view of getting the largest interest on the smallest present investment.

THE "State of Florida" had 770 life-belts on board but it does not appear that one of them was used. It had also enough boats to have saved all the passengers had they been properly managed. It all goes to show that life saving apparatus amounts to but little in such emergencies unless they are so arranged that they can be handled quickly, which is rarely the case.

WHEELER, the cowardly murderer of Ex-Sheriff MATTHEWS, of Copiah Co., Miss., has been acquitted. It is not surprising, but when the jury says that its decision has been rendered "without partiality and in the fear of God alone," it is time the lightning struck somewhere about there.

A NEW regulation of the Salvation Army just issued is, that at half past 12 every day, each member shall pause and draw the letter "S" upon his breast to indicate that he belongs to those rescued from perdition. It would be sad if any of this crowd of cranks should make a mistake.

MEMBERS of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies finish their disputes begun there, with pistols outside. A day or two ago in debate, one told another that he lied. A retraction was refused, there was a challenge, a meeting, an exchange of shots, by which nobody was hurt, and then the two returned to Vienna together, apparently the best of friends.

THE failure of the British Oriental Bank has caused wholesale ruin, greater than any failure since the suspension of the City Bank of Glasgow. Nearly a score of people have committed suicide in consequence.

MR. MORRISON resists all persuasions to prepare another Tariff bill. He thinks as he was beaten on the great fight, he will let the matter rest.

THE French and English Ministers of War have issued orders that boxing shall hereafter form a part of the regular training and drill of soldiers.

A FRENCH chemist claims to have discovered a perfect cure of hydrophobia by inoculation.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

No new developments of moment have taken place in the political situation. Considerable enthusiasm has been aroused among the friends of Pres. ARTHUR by the action of several hundred of the business men of New York who put him forward as the candidate of the business part of the community. There seems to be some demonstrations in Indiana showing that Gen. HARRISON will be its choice, and as that State is one of the greatest importance to the Republican party, anything which indicates its preferences is looked upon with exceeding interest. So far as the Democratic nomination is concerned, it seems to be at the disposal of Mr. TILDEN if he chooses to accept, but what he will or will not do, is so far past any man's finding out.

THE only object the present Congress seems now to have in view is to hurry through with the business, or rather to pass it over and adjourn. At the rate of proceeding, however, which prevailed until a day or two since many of the appropriation bills would not be passed, as they had not even been reported to the House. Evidently the Democratic Congress is trying not to do anything which shall injure party prospects.

THE exciting topic of the past week has not, however, been politics but the panic in Wall street, which at one time seemed in a fair way to cause trouble through the country. It has really resulted in wiping out a few houses whose methods have been none of the best, and in sweeping away a kind of speculation which the country will be much better off without. At present the lookout for a prosperous season is much brighter than for some time past; there is no apprehension of farther trouble, and the financial atmosphere is clearer than before the flurry.

THE issue of the panic was of course watched with the closest scrutiny upon the other side of the water, and was made the text of sermons from the different commercial centers upon the evils of over-production and of speculation. It caused some depression in the different markets but no panic anywhere. That it was not regarded as anything likely to last long was evident from the fact that in both London and Berlin financiers took the opportunity to buy up American securities at a low rate, which, they held, were certain to rise as soon as the flurry was over.

THE mistake in the popular judgment in England which the Government has made in dealing with the Egyptian question has solidified the Conservatives and greatly strengthened the prospect for a dissolution of Parliament. The Franchise bill is doomed, if it reaches the House of Lords; as the Tories will oppose it on the ground that it is an incomplete measure, not providing for a redistribution of seats. This proves to be the secret of the course of the Parnellites in voting to overthrow the Gladstone Ministry. Knowing that the Franchise bill will fail, Mr. PARNELL is convinced that he can expect no more from the Liberals and he turns against them.

THE latest news from Gen. GORDON, brought by refugees who arrived at Cairo, is reassuring as to his position a short time since and to the possibility of his holding out until help can be sent to him. It is quite probable that Mr. GLADSTONE and his Ministers were better supplied with information with regard to his situation than the public, and that some of the reports may have been manufactured by the Conservatives in order to cause the ruin of the Ministry. The small majority against the resolution of censure shows how near they have come to accomplishing their purpose.

THE resignation of Prince BISMARCK from the Presidency of the Prussian Cabinet was not entirely unexpected by those who have known the state of his health for some time past. His successor, Herr VON BOETTICHER, is a statesman who has won a high position in German politics.

WHAT next? According to the *Scientific American*, a German scientist after a long series of experiments has discovered that the surface of money which has been long in circulation is the feeding ground of a minute kind of bacteria and vegetable fungus. This is the case with the small coins of all nations. As bacteria are the chief agency for the propagation of epidemic diseases, this discovery is important in a hygienic point of view. The remedy is to wash old coins in a "boiling weak solution of caustic potash," which will free them from their unwelcome guests.

THE project of building a railway between the Red Sea and the Nile, in order to send troops to the assistance of Gen. GORDON, now under discussion by the British press is declared by leading railway engineers as not impracticable. The idea that it could not be done on account of the heat is ridiculed by one who has had great experience in railway building in India, he having constructed them there with a mean monthly temperature of 92 degrees Fahrenheit, night and day. If the plan is undertaken the work will have to be begun soon, that is certain.

THE astounding revelations made in regard to the discovery of dynamite in Toronto have dissipated all idea of its being merely a scare. It was evidently a part of a well laid plan to destroy the public buildings in Canada, and was the work of what is called the Emergency Brotherhood, which is opposed to all European Governments, and its branches extend everywhere. A very unpleasant condition of affairs has been revealed.

IT is charged by Mr. GLADSTONE'S enemies that British gold is being used to subsidize EL MAHDI and to pacify the Soudan by setting him up as ruler. It is known that Gen. GORDON took a large amount of gold with him, and it is believed it was for this purpose.

IT is getting to be an every day affair to find dynamite scattered aronnd in London where its explosion would do untold harm. The attempt to blow up Woolwich arsenal shows that the dynamiters are determined to keep busy.

SEN. VEST declares that the Indians can be civilized by education, but he insists that it must be extended to both sexes. If this is done, he thinks no better way could be devised to expend the surplus in the Treasury.

THE rumor that the Pope's health is failing is denied positively by Mgr. Jacobini, the Secretary of the Propaganda.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

Those interested in the liquor traffic, especially the brewers, perpetually insist that prohibition is a failure wherever it has been tried, and that in prohibition States the sale of liquor is as free and unrestrained as where it is legalized.

That they do not believe this is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that they all oppose prohibition. If prohibition does not in the least interfere with the sale of liquor, why should they expend thousands upon thousands of dollars to oppose it wherever proposed? If, as they say, it increases the sale of liquor, which they assert it does in Maine, why do not those who make profit by the sale of liquor become prohibitionists?

The statement that prohibition does not interfere with the sale of liquors, is a falsehood. In Maine liquor is well nigh unknown in many parts of the State, and in every City its sale is curtailed 90 per cent. with the single exception of Bangor, where the people will not enforce the law. We take no hearsay evidence on this, we depend upon no testimony but our own ears and eyes. We know this to be so.

Has prohibition done nothing in Maine when in only three places in a City of 40,000 can rum be purchased? Has it done nothing when in only 25 places in such a City it can be had at all, and even then only by the initiated? It has extirpated the traffic in the country and well-nigh stamped it out in the Cities. It has taken 30 years to do this much, but if the same result required three times thirty, it would still be a great success. Compare sober Maine with rum-ridden Ohio, or Illinois, and determine whether or not there is anything in prohibition.

In Kansas where the experiment is being tried the result is still more hopeful. Mr. A. M. RICHARDSON, of Lawrence, in answer to a statement of this kind, asserts that in Topeka, Lawrence, Emporia, Newton, Wichita, and many other large towns where the trade run riot six months ago, there is not now an open saloon. In Atchison forty-five saloon keepers have been indicted, and saloons closed by the score. In Douglas county thirteen offenders against the law were tried in the District Court and every one convicted. In the Justices' Courts there were five conviction and two disagreements. At the last term of the Court 16 saloon keepers plead guilty on 40 counts, and were fined $4,200 and costs, and that closed their nefarous business. It didn't pay to continue with the certainty of such punishment.

Of 460 cases tried in District Courts there were 378 convictions, and of 512 cases in Justices' Courts there were 378 convictions. Fines to the amount of $100,000 have been imposed within six months, and 81 liquor dealers are properly in prison for violating the most righteous law that was ever enacted, the time aggregating 11 years, five months and 19 days.

There are in the State over 50 Counties in which there is not an open saloon, and only 300 in the remainder. Of these 300, 160 are in the City of Leavenworth, which, like Bangor, in Maine, will not enforce the law.

These facts, which cannot be controverted, prove that the law once established, it can be enforced.

As a matter of course, there are violations of the law even in the most law-abiding countries. All laws are violated. There are laws against felony, forgery, adultery, and all other crimes, yet crimes are being constantly committed. All the same, because of the law, there are no schools in which thieves are being taught the business. Criminals are compelled to do their work secretly, and the penalties attached are such that even the boldest and most skilful thief may well ask himself if an honest life be not the most profitable.

This is the great benefit of Prohibition. In Maine and Kansas the rum shop is not in the way of every boy in the State, to seduce him into its fatal embrace. The old drunkard will drink—no law can prevent that—but the manufacture of new ones is effectually stopped. There are no long streets of beer-shops, with back rooms, in which boys are trained in drunkenness first, and crime afterward. There is not a beer-shop planted by a money-seeking brewer in the midst of every colony of workingmen, to filch from them the wages that should go to the support of their families. There are no open academies of crime, no manufactories of criminals and paupers. In these States he who drinks must go and seek for it—it is not brought to him.

No one claims that Prohibition can entirely prevent drinking any more than the Ten Commandments can entirely prevent crime, but it can stay the onward march of the world's greatest curse. It can save the generations to come from the monster, and can do much toward reforming those already in its grasp. So long as there is a gambler, a thief, a prostitute or a criminal, Rum will be used, for these outcasts find it to be their most efficient aid, but the places where it can be used by them will be reduced in number as well as influence. It can be dragged down from the place of command it now occupies. It can be driven into holes and corners, and the seal of condemnation so set upon it, that only the hopelessly vicious will dare to use it. To make it illegal is to make it what it should be, a crime. Prohibition is the only way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Methodist Conference has refused to license women to preach or exhort. You might as well give it up gentlemen. It will have to come sooner or later, like everything else the women are fighting for. These continued refusals in the face of the intelligent advancement in other directions only stamps you as narrow-minded and bigoted.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. VANDERBILT'S apparent generosity in refusing the transfers of General and Mrs. GRANT'S property to him, he did not convey it back to them, as would be necessary to render the *deeds* null and void. As it now stands the property is *transferred* to Mr. VANDERBILT. So says the New York *Tribune*.

THE northern part of Germany is excited over the discovery of petroleum in Pomerania. It is in such quantities that the people are flattering themselves that they will soon be independent of America and Russia by a home supply of mineral oil.

LIFE puts a great truth very concisely. TILDEN would be a stronger candidate than President—EDMUNDS a stronger President than candidate.

THE FINANCIAL FLURRY.

While a great deal of anxiety has been felt as to the consequence of the panic in Wall street, there is yet a general conviction in business circles that the trouble will be confined principally to the sweeping away of that kind of stock speculations which must in the end always bring ruin. The general condition of affairs is very different from that existing when previous panics have occurred. Then there was the greatest business activity possible, a rush of new enterprises, real estate exchanging hands at fabulous prices, extravagance in every direction, and gigantic speculations everywhere which were the veriest bubbles. Nothing of this kind prevails at this time. For a year or more a depression has existed everywhere and for no apparent single reason. Men have been cautious about investing money in new enterprises. Outside of a comparatively small circle speculation has not run high.

All this gives reason for confidence that the real interests of the country are in no danger. Indeed it is difficult to see how they can be. Real estate is not booming anywhere. It simply maintains a healthy growth. The crops are promising a splendid harvest in all directions. Railroads are in a flourishing condition. It is true there is a shrinkage of values, but not sufficient to bring any general financial disaster. There is absolutely no reason for fright. Fear will do more harm than any failures that have yet occurred. When the ruins are swept away the financial atmosphere will be clearer, and general trade will find itself comparatively unaffected.

In speaking of the recent occurrences in Wall street, the New York *Herald* says:

The recent developments have shown a startling weakness in our banking system, and it will be strange if they do not result in some radical changes in methods. Conducted largely upon credit, as business is to-day, there is the highest need of strict honesty. Banks are necessary adjuncts to trade, and should be above suspicion. If bank officials are to dabble in stock, enter firms of stock brokers, bolster up questionable enterprises or pension the family upon the institution, there is room for distrust; an opportunity is given for reasonable doubts, however strong the institution may be, or however trusted the officials. There should be a wholesome absence of such connections, as the recent occurrences show how far complications may arise without forcing discovery.

MIND CURES.

Boston has lately been enthusiastic over what is called "mind cures," the advocates believing that every physical ailment can be healed without a resort to drugs or palliative medicines, but simply by arousing the patient's faith that a cure is possible under certain conditions and causing these to be assumed. A prominent minister has recently preached one or two sermons upon the subject, in which he approves of the new turn in the mode of health seeking, as showing a reaction against the strong materialistic tendencies of the day. Thereupon he is arraigned by one or two journals for countenancing what is manifestly a delusion and a humbug.

A change from the habit of pouring down quantities of medicine into a long-suffering stomach should be welcomed, whether a delusion is the cause of it or not, and the Reverend gentleman was right in giving it a support, for whatever renders the physical man better and stronger is a benefit to the mental and moral nature. There may be and probably is an extravagance in the assertion of possibilities with regard to the "mind cure," but that is always true in any revolution in public sentiment. The extent to which the swallowing of drugs has been and is carried becomes evident, when one studies the posters and flaming advertisements everywhere seen of patent medicines without number. A record of the fortunes made by their concoction and sale would present a startling array of figures to anyone who has not thought about the matter, while the harm done by the consumption of the stuff is incalculable.

There is no question but that a class of nervous diseases can be cured by action upon the mind. Arouse hope, and faith in the influence of certain factors, and the cure is already begun. Keep them strong and it will soon be complete. It does not matter whether it is the laying on of hands, or some other simple thing, if the belief is produced that it is a benefit. There is a reflex action upon the body, that is likely to bring back healthful conditions, and this we take it, is about all that can be claimed for the mind cure.

One of the good signs of the times is the growing tendency of physicians themselves to rely more upon nature's cures and less upon drugs. The best among them prescribe the least of the latter, and when they find themselves obliged by the urgency of the patient and friends to give something it is often what can produce no influence except upon the mind by the belief that a remedy has been given. Temperance in diet, wholesome, well-cooked food, fresh air and plenty of it, with exercise, regular sleep and a contented mind will do more towards keeping health or restoring it when lost than all of the drugs in the world, but until people become convinced of this and are willing to act upon the conviction, so long as they must have some remedies other than these, the so-called mind-cures are infinitely preferable to nauseous and powerful doses, even if they be founded upon a "delusion."

PHIADELPHIA is behind the times in many things but in none further than in her treatment of professional women. She will not admit a woman lawyer to the bar of her Courts, and the physicians could not enter the Medical Society, but the Medical Society of the State has just admitted them as members by an overwhelming vote. As it outranks the County organization this is a victory worth winning.

ONE reason given at theConference in Philadelphia by a leading Methodist brother why women should not be licensed to preach, was that the Church never had admitted them, and, therefore, should not now. Another said in regard to it—and was drv.l ly hissed for it—that if the *ipse dixit* of the Deity himself was contrary to good reason, it should not be received. Powerful arguments, these!

CYRUS W. FIELD says the country has every reason to expect a prosperous year. There is no more depression in general trade than would naturally be expected from the general decline in stocks, and he sees no reason why there should not be a great business revival the coming season.

TO WORKING REPUBLICANS.

The BLADE, as its contribution to the success of the Republican party this year, will furnish clubs for three or six months at the lowest price possible, at the cost of white paper and the money we have to pay for postage. Which is to say we will work this Summer for nothing and find ourselves.

Working Republicans are invited to send for our terms for campaign clubs. We want 100,000 additional names on our lists, and we want them on as soon as possible. The BLADE should be showered all over the country before the campaign begins to be hot, while men uninfluenced by passion can think and reason. The sooner this work is commenced the better. Write a postal card and receive in return our terms for campaign clubs.

RUSSIA'S MILITARY POWER.

Although the Russian Empire is torn with internal dissensions, and there seem to be conditions there which resemble a volcano just ready to burst forth into an eruption that will spread havoc everywhere within its reach, the Government is yet far sighted enough to take every means to strenghthen its military power and place it in a position to extend its sway and to resist any aggression from the others Powers of Europe. It is feeling what they each and all are feeling: While outwardly friendly and seeming to regard other nations as friends and neighbors, in reality, it is full of deadly suspicion as to their intentions, and a constant watchfulness is maintained, lest one step should be taken towards mastery without its full knowledge. It is not only socialism in itself that is the nightmare of the nations of Europe but it is the fear that it may be used as an instrument against the nations' individual existences.

Russia has been for some time devoting herself to the improvement of her army in all its branches. Her latest step is the perfection of the cavalry arm of service. She now possesses a million horses trained for action, and is taking steps to put 300,000 cavalry on call into the field. They will discard all of the old methods of fighting with sabers and lances, but will use repeating fire arms of the latest pattern, fighting on foot, the horses being employed simply as a means of rapid transportation from one point to another. It is the belief of their military officers that this will enable them to concentrate fresh troops at a given point so rapidly as to give them an advantage which could be obtained in no other way. No doubt the time is coming when these preparations will have much to do with the status of Russia in Europe, as the war cloud which comes and goes so frequently will inevitably burst, involving the greater nations in a general war.

GETTING RICH FAST.

The great trouble of to-day and what causes much of the crime in high places is the desire, or the determination rather, to get rich fast. The slow accumulation by which our forefathers made provision for old age are despised. A dollar added to their gains was far more in their eyes than hundreds to the business man of to-day, and they were held to be prosperous when they possessed a few thousands which were paying them a small yearly interest.

Few people are satisfied now with doing comparatively well, that is making a living each year with something over. There is a reckless sort of venture prevailing, a feeling that it is better to lose everything in the chance of gaining a great deal, than to be satisfied with small things. Ambition is a good thing when its fruits are legitimate, but that which plunges men into a whirlpool of speculation leading them to risk, not only all that they are possessed of themselves, but what does not belong to them is nothing more nor less than a crime. So long as it is successful the world pays little attention to the moral side of it, unfortunately, but the reverse side of the picture is sure to be turned ere long.

If a man would be content with one successful venture so much evil could not come, but that seems to set the most level headed wild. Besides the gains that come so easily without the sweat of his brow and the dreary plodding day by day, there is a keen pleasure which amounts to infatuation in watching the chances, and so he goes on day by day, and often year by year, if he can manage to be upon the winning side often enough to keep his head above water. There is a fascination too in handling large sums of money, and in the mastery which this power gives, both separate impulses from that which urges him to get rich fast.

The possession of money is a good thing. No one can afford to despise it, but the feverish anxiety that lays hold of so many people, leading them to methods that are dishonorable, or if not that, to those which are unquestionably evil in their final effects, is something against which everybody should keep watch and guard, remembering that making haste to be rich has sent many a man to prison who started in life with good intentions.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly spent their time Saturday in talking about Sunday and the way in which the Sabbath is generally broken through the country by the publication of secular newspapers. A resolution was passed condemning their purchasing or reading. This will necessitate the good brothers using some secrecy in getting their Sunday's allowance of news.

A MILWAUKEE man is digging for diamonds, in the gravel strata up near Waukesha, Wis. He found one splendid specimen last week and another not so perfect in crystalization. The specimens of other stones which he has found are fine. So they go on finding treasures in the United States.

THE railroad ring in California still holds its own. It has managed to defeat the object of the last session of the Legislature called by GOV. STONEMAN to pass a law regulating railroad fares and freights.

THE Siamese envoys have secured the object of their special mission to this country, and that was a treaty to regulate the liquor traffic in Siam when carried on by American citizens.

THE passage of the bill to retire Gen. GRANT, without debate of any kind, proves what a firm hold he has upon the people of this country.

THE fruit trees in Illinois are said to be literally loaded down with blossoms, and a large crop is expected.

THE Methodist Conference has adopted a resolution in favor of Prohibition.

GEN. GRANT.

It is a curious thing that no man's character, however exalted, is considered proof against the seductions of making large sums of money, even if it is in a questionable way. The Marine Bank in New York trusted WARD with large sums of money, and many people were anxious to invest their capital with the firm simply because they supposed it was making enormous profits on Government contracts, obtained through the influence of Gen. GRANT. In other words, they believed that for a consideration he was lending himself to a scheme of systematic robbery of the Government, which would really stamp him as a rascal.

Fortunately for Gen. GRANT and for the nation which has so long held him in honor, it is not true. His fault has been as said before, in not knowing what were the methods of operation by the firm which used his name, and for which he must be held in part responsible. Anything beyond this no one will believe he has been guilty of, while the burden of wrong-doing rests upon WARD who seems to have been utterly reckless in his transactions. He evidently trusted to his own shrewdness and audacity combined with the magic of the GRANT name to enable him to tide over every difficulty that might arise. Meanwhile he has lived right royally as if the end could never come.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

Thoughtful people in looking over the history of the dealings of the strong Powers of Europe with the weaker ones of Asia cannot help wondering how long they can continue their unscrupulous seizures of what does not belong them, and to which they have no shadow of claim. England set the example in India and it has been vigorously followed by France and Russia wherever it has been possible.

The latest instance of unscrupulous dealing is that of France with regard to the Tonquin matter. By the treaty of peace which has been signed at Shanghai, the troubles have been ended by China yielding to France all and more than she claimed. The whole empire of Annam is now virtually in the hands of the latter. It is true that all she claimed to be contending for last year was the execution of the treaties of 1874, which would simply give her freedom of trade with Tonquin while religious liberty was guaranteed, but the success of the French arms enlarged their demands, and after the treaty of Hui, Annam was really made by its stipulations a French province. France had entire control of everything pertaining to the general administration, the customs, taxes and expenditures, and China has now bound herself to respect this compact.

Of course the acquisition of the Red River delta will enable France to finally get control of the Chinese rice market which is the stake for which she has been playing. She will undoubtedly obtain great influence in the Celestial Empire, more than England has ever been able to exercise. That the whole thing is a brazen assumption of rights which she has never possessed does not matter so long as she can reap the benefit and manage to oust England from the supremacy so long enjoyed.

TO NON-SUBSCRIBERS.

In response to requests from many of our friends, this number of the BLADE will be received by many persons who are not subscribers. We ask all such to examine the paper in all its departments as critically and carefully as possible, and, if it pleases them, to enroll themselves as subscribers. We claim for it that it is the best family paper published, and the cheapest. One dollar per year, or three months 30 cents, post paid. It circulates in every State and Territory in the Union, and goes to almost every Postoffice. Try it, at all events. And, by the way, notice the offer of the Waterbury watch, and the splendid engraving of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in connection with the paper.

IT is said that the health of Cincinnati has been improved by the floods that were considered such a sad visitation. That part of the City flooded has always been the starting place for disease, and the moving out and general cleansing made necessary before moving back again have taken away the conditions necessary for the production of the usual trouble, and hardly any sickness is reported.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC revolver has been manufactured by Mr. E. ENJALBERT which can be carried in the pocket and will take minute photographs instantaneously. By pulling the trigger the sensitized plates succeed each other, and 10 successive pictures can be taken without again touching the weapon. These little instruments can be made of great advantage to tourists and artists, as the pictures can be afterwards enlarged and yet be exactly true to nature.

QUEEN VICTORIA was so exasperated over her son-in-law's morganatic marriage that she made things fly in a generally lively manner. She is now satisfied that there were certain "flaws" in the marriage by which it can be "invalidated," and it is probable there will soon be an official denial that it ever took place at all.

ALASKA can now really be looked upon as a part of the United States. A bill has been passed giving her a Territorial Government, the temporary seat being established at Sitka. The general laws of the State of Oregon will prevail there as far as they may be applicable.

MONDAY the "City of Rome" landed 40 Irish paupers at Castle Garden, who were said to come direct from the workhouses in the County Kerry, sent over here by British authorities. It is about time that sort of work was stopped.

GEN. GRANT can handle a hundred thousand brave soldiers on a battlefield, but two Wall street nincompoops were too much for him.—*Boston Transcript.*

And, therefore, Gen. GRANT should not allow himself to meddle with what he knows nothing about.

BUSINESS men of the country will be likely now to think carefully about what sort of a man as Chief Magistrate will best promote financial prosperity.

THE Treaty of reciprocity between the United States and Mexico has been confirmed by the Mexican Senate with only three dissenting votes.

THE development of Florida is said to be wonderful, and it is mostly in the direction of agriculture.

TEN THOUSAND people assembled in New York a day or two ago to see a boxing match.

JUSTICE TO PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

The principal business men of the City of New York have issued a call for a mass meeting for the purpose of endorsing the administration of Pres. ARTHUR, and urging his nomination at Chicago. The call includes such merchants as H. C. CLAFLIN & Co., E. S. JAFFRAY, DAVID DOWS, and hundreds of others whose names are known all over this and other countries.

The call is significant. There is an almost universal desire among the business men of the great eastern centers that the President should succeed himself. They recognize the fact that he has given the country a safe, sound and business-like administration, that in the face of unusual temptation he has refrained from the sensational, sacrificing himself to the best interests of the country; that he has united the Republican party and made its success possible, and they feel assured that he would give the country just such another administration in the four years to come. The meeting will have its effect upon the country.

The following is from the Philadelphia *North American*:

THE BUSINESS MEN'S CHOICE.—The sober sense of the country is beginning to make itself apparent as a factor in the decision of the result of the approaching Republican Convention. The wild hurrah for delegates who might give voice to a popular clamor this or that favorite is being replaced by serious reflections as to the future of the country rather than as to the supremacy of individuals. It is well that those who have so much at stake in maintaining the peace and prosperity of the Nation should indicate clearly to those who claim to be their spokesmen in the party, that no countenance is to be expected for schemes of personal advancement that may lead the country into unnecessary disturbance.

The business men of the United States have so great a stake in the choice of the Chicago Convention in June that they cannot afford to let the result be reached by buncombe, and they who are to compose that Convention should listen with respect to those without whose substantial support no campaign can be carried to a successful issue. The *North American* has taken pains to acquaint itself with the opinions of much of this class, and the constituency for which it speaks is nearly unanimous in urging that it is time to decide positively that the renomination of Pres. Arthur would be the wisest action that the Republican party could take.

When Mr. Arthur succeeded Mr. Garfield in the executive office, he was known in person and character to but a limited number of people outside of New York, where he had for years held an active place in local public affairs. It was not unnatural, therefore, that there should have been misgivings as to the nature of the administration that was to follow, and the *North American* is not forgetful that some of its most earnest friends here in Philadelphia were distrustful of the reassurances of these columns that were born of a better knowledge. Doubt has given way to admiration. When the name of the President is spoken it is with respect, and even the bitterest of his political adversaries admit that his record is without a stain. It is in view of these facts that the business men of the country have a right to be heard in their demand that the peace and the quiet, the prosperity and the progress, which have been insured to them by the prudence, wisdom, and purity of Pres. Arthur's administration, shall be continued for them by his selection as the candidate of the Republican party for election in November next.

THE WATERBURY WATCH.

We are sending out hundreds of the Waterbury Watch daily, by mail, and they give more than satisfaction. This miracle of cheapness and excellence cannot be purchased anywhere for less than $3.50, but we send it by mail post paid, and the WEEKLY BLADE one year, for that sum. Get a postal note for $3.50, enclose it to the BLADE and you will receive the watch and the BLADE one year.

THE "cheek" of England when speaking of the United States, is something sublime. One of their journals remarks that if the people of England closed their purses for awhile, throwing America on her own resources, the lesson would be most wholesome. That "lesson" would be pretty likely to fall back on herself when her people found themselves without the products from this country, which are necessities.

THE electric light has not made the progress predicted three or four years ago. It was then supposed that the day of gas had almost gone by, and that everywhere electricity would soon take its place. But gas stock is still at a premium, and only small portions of Cities use the electric light. There are some difficulties to be overcome yet.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, proposes that clergymen, whose salary is $3,000 and over, shall contribute two and one-half per cent of it to a fund for the assistance of those who get less than $1,000. That is a good idea, but a better one would be to have fewer mediocre ministers even if some of the churches should have to be done away with or merged into each other.

CANADA is up in arms as well as our own people about the sending of paupers from England. The Government will be asked to make a representation to the Home Government with regard to the matter, and prevent the sending of any more charges upon their charitable institutions.

IT is curious how some people get over a scare. After the loss of the "State of Florida" many names were withdrawn from the passenger list for Europe, but the same ones have sailed later, and the ghastly horror is forgotten. It is well that it is so.

THE "Alert," the third and last vessel in the Greely Relief squadron, sailed from New York a day or two ago. It is to meet the "Thetis" and the "Bear" at Upernavik to begin the northward voyage about the 1st of June. May success attend them.

THE Philadelphia *Call* well says that a general system of strikes at the present time will precipitate greater evils than it is attempted to avoid. A wise spirit of concession between capital and labor will be of great advantage to the country just now.

GEN. GRANT has now, by the passage of the bill placing him upon the retired list, an addition to his income of $17,500 a year. Add this to the $14,000 per annum from the Drexel Fund and he ought to be comfortable in his old age.

LONDON reports say that such a rush for American securities has not been seen before for 11 years as during the last three days of last week. This seems to be the only way in which the panic affected the European markets.

BISMARCK'S health is said to be failing rapidly. What scheme is he revolving now, that he sets that rumor afloat? Can it be another raid upon American pork?

ENGLISH farmers think they have discovered a bonanza in beet growing for the manufacture of sugar.

THE corn area planted in Illinois and Iowa is about 10 per cent. less than last year.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The tobacco-growers of New England have started a movement to secure the repeal of all internal revenue taxes on their product, and they expect aid from Southern and Western politicians and tobacco men.——The Pintes at Virginia, Nev., have organized a base ball club.——Mississippi has a capital of $1,500,000 invested in cotton mills.——A corporation at Manchester, N. H., for the six months just closed, manufactured 30,000,000 yards of cloth—about 17,005 miles.——Ten-cent and nickel subscriptions from all parts of the country are increasing the Bartholdi pedestal fund about $1,000 per week.——The Mexican Senate has confirmed the reciprocal treaty between Mexico and the United States.——Judge Richard Reid, who was recently the subject of a brutal attack by a lawyer named Cornelison, at Mt. Sterling, Ky., and who was severely censured for not retaliating on his assailant, committed suicide, in the office of Judge Brock, in that place, by shooting himself through the head.——Louisville, Miss., boasts of the only sassafrass oil-mill in that State.——Frank W. Smith, ex-Secretary of the Toledo Railroad Y. M. C. A., will visit Andersonville and hold services at the National Cemetery on Decoration Day. He proposes to decorate the graves of 13,701 soldiers buried there, and will place flags at the head of each.——A florist in Chambersburg, Del., has a rose-bush from which, in the last three years, he has plucked over 10,000 buds, which were sold for $1,500. There are said to be no less than 2,000 buds on the vine now, and it is claimed to be the most prolific Marechal Niel vine in the United States.——C. M. Cushman, the manager of ex-Pres. Hayes's farm near Bismarck, reports fine prospects for a crop this season. Mr. Hayes is expected to spend a part of the Summer there.——The Mississippi jury in the case of Wheeler on trial for the Copiah County election murder brought in a verdict of not guilty.——A young man of about 19 years of age, purporting to be the long-lost Charlie Ross, passed through Palmyra, Mo., last week on his way to New York to reunite with his parents. He stated that he had been the captive of a band of gypsies, from whom he had just escaped.——In the billiard match at Chicago for the championship of the United States, Schaefer defeated Slosson by 800 to 384.——Justice Harlan, of the United States Court, arrived in Chicago Friday. He failed to secure a room at a leading hotel for a month, and was informed by the clerk that he could hardly find accommodation in the City for the Convention period. He at once caused a chamber set to be placed in the only vacant room in the Custom House, and will make himself at home in the $4,000,000 structure.——In the Methodist General Conference Thursday four new Bishops were elected, as follows: The Rev. W. X. Ninde, the Rev. J. M. Walden, the Rev. William F. Mallalieu and the Rev. C. H. Fowler.——The President has issued a proclamation restoring to the public domain the lands set apart by Executive order as a reservation for the Jicarilla Apache Indians, in the Northwestern part of New Mexico, embracing 397,000 acres.——Leading business men of New York, to the number of 600, have called on John Jacob Astor, B. H. Bristow, and others to designate a time and place to express approval of the administration of Pres. Arthur and voice their wish that he be nominated at Chicago.——The Bureau of Statistics furnishes a statement of immigration for the month of March, the total reaching 38,597. There were also 4,400 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 2,057 aliens, travelers and others not intending to remain in this country. The largest number came from Germany, 15,031; the next from Canada, 5,259; next from England, 3,237.——Mr. John C. Eno, the former President of the Second National Bank of New York, was an uncommonly talented bank officer. His defalcation amounted to $4,000,000.——Bogan Cash, son of Col. Cash, of South Carolina, who murdered Marshal Richards, was surrounded by a posse, and, opening fire upon it, was riddled with bullets.——Ex-Sen. Chaffee, of Colorado, is among the unfortunates by the Grant & Ward failure. He has been rendered penniless, and his mind has become disturbed to such an extent as to alarm his friends.——Jefferson Davis repudiates the recently published interview with him in which he was alleged to have made criticisms of the principal Union Generals in the War of the Rebellion.——The Methodist Conference adopted a resolution—241 to 100—in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic.——Col. J. F. H. Claiborne, orator and author, died in Natchez, Miss., Saturday, aged 77.——Arthur's friends now figure up 360 votes on the first ballot, with his nomination on the second. They give Blaine 275. Blaine's friends claim 372.——Neiveille, alias Shaw, who recently eloped with and married Miss Whitney, of Detroit, is held under bond of $1,500 at Toledo, O., to answer to the charge of bigamy.——The canvass of over 1,000 students of the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, shows 380 sup

Correspondence.

AT NIAGARA.

The Editors Go Down to Turn the Water on the Falls, and Open up the Season.

Editorial Correspondence of the Blade.

I.

"We are going to have a fine day of it," said the Weather Editor, after bidding the rest of us "good morning," and scanning with an expert eye the early sunbeams creeping timidly over the broad Canadian savannas. "Indications," continued he, pushing the Historical Editor away from the washstand, "Lower Lake region, fair, rising thermometer, stationary barometer."

"They're making so many things of paper, now," said the Funny Editor, coming up with his collar and cravat in his hand, "that I'm not surprised to know that in the Lower Lake regions barometers are stationary."

"Where are we?" asked the Statistical Editor, scanning the flitting telegraph poles, as if expecting an answer from out the car window.

"We're approaching the Falls," said Mr. W. H. Gregor, the agent of the Michigan Central line, who entered the sleeping car toilet room at that moment, to inquire how his editorial guests had passed the night. Of course there was but one response; with such a track as the C. & G. T. in Southern, and such sleeping cars, the night could not help passing pleasantly, and everybody had waked up in the best possible frame of mind for appreciating the Falls. "You'll have your first sight of the Falls in a few minutes" he added.

"Is it possible?" said the Historical Editor, roused to sudden interest; "then we must be passing over over the battlefield of the war of 1812—Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Chrysler's Field, etc."

"Thanks," said the interjected the Political Editor, "I remember in reading the descriptive life of the hero of Lundy's Lane in a campaign life of Gen. Scott, when he was running for President——"

"What was the special architecture of his little boom?" inquired the Funny Editor; "Was it tariff reform, cut horizontal, or the Old Ticket, trimmed with tissue ballots, and the Fraud of '76?"

"That is the intervals of the roar of the battle," continued the Political Editor, without minding the interruption, "could be heard the thunder of the mighty cataract which fell upon the ear——"

"O, you must be mistaken," interposed the Funny Editor, "cataracts don't affect the ear, it's the eye that they get their work in on."

"We had a fine illustration of the worthlessness of raw militia in these times," put in the Military Editor, "When Scott crossed the river for the third time at the head of his regulars he was to be followed by a large force of New York militia. He got into hot water almost as soon as he landed, and the militia assembled on the bank could see the fight going on. When the boats went back for them to go over to his assistance, they suddenly remembered that the law said that they should not go out of the State."

"Except in case of invasion," put in the Funny Editor with a chuckle.

"Pshaw! That joke's as old as the Earl of Chatham's time. He got off at the expense of the British militia," said the Political Editor, with unnecessary vim. He was glad of an opportunity of getting back on the F. E. occasionally.

"And he taken out of the State they would not," resumed the Military Editor, "and I'll warrant the most law-abiding men you ever heard of. Gen. Brown begged and implored them to cross to the assistance of their comrades, but all in vain."

"They smell the battle afar off," said the Religious Editor.

"And I never want to get even in smelling distance of one, unless you can smell by telescope," put in the inevitable Funny Editor. "Most of these smells are warnings of unhealthiness in the neighborhood, and should be avoided."

"I remember another instance of lawloving militia," said the Political Editor. "I think I read it in a campaign life of Gen. Zachary Taylor, when he was running for the Presidency——"

"Taylor's boom," put in the Funny Editor in breathless haste, "was done in cotton bale throughout, with a soft roll and two capable pockets."

"It was during the Black Hawk war," continued the Political Editor. "The trail of the Indians was getting pretty hot, when the militia under Taylor's command made the discovery that they were at the boundary of the State, and could go no farther. In vain they argued, implored and threatened. While they were debating the subject quite earnestly, there happened to look around, and saw that Old Rough-and Ready had formed a brigade of regulars with a battery or two of artillery behind them. He suggested that they had better decide to resume their march, and they all agreed with him."

"Nexpicetramstopscantact soethe falls," shouted the man with a silver band around his cap, as he broke in.

"He says that at the next place the train stops there will be a chance to see the Falls," kindly interpreted Mr. Gregor.

In a few minutes the train whirled by a great stone convent, standing upon the top of the high bluff like a City upon a hill, and came to a halt. We poured out of the cars, and there the whole sublime spectacle lay at our very feet. At the base of the bluff upon which we stood, and but a few hundred yards away, began the great Horseshoe Falls, with an ocean of green water pouring over the curved cliff into the cloud of waving mist that rose to receive it. Directly in front were Goat and Luna Islands, beyond them the higher and noisier American Falls, framed in by the trees and houses of Prospect Park, and the Town of Niagara Falls. To the left lay the Canadian Town of Clifton, the Suspension Bridge, and the great Cantilever Bridge, with its sturdy steel towers, and firm, graceful lines and angles. Still farther down the river II great cascades sprang from the summit of the high walls of rock and fell in long graceful curves to the water below. Miles away to the right—above the Falls—are seen the rapids, rising like terraces, with the mighty waters pouring over the rocky barriers, like serried ranks of charging horsemen, white-plumed, and sweeping in the mad impulse of battle over the works of the enemy. All the Winter-gathered floods of the great lakes beyond,—all the rains that had rushed in torrents upon a thousand square miles, upon whole Empires in area, were crowding and struggling over the piled rocks in a headlong rush for the great plunge. It was a spectacle of limitless power converted into raging force, that checked the heart's beating.

"All the rivers run into the sea," said the Religious Editor softly, and he was the only one who spoke it, "and yet the sea is not full."

It was well that he spake inspired words for any else would have jarred.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Condemn his 'All aboard!'" grumbled the Funny Editor, who had for once been awed to seriousness. "Think of the condemned Philistine giving us a glimpse of Infinity on the 10-minutes-for-refreshments plan. It wrecked all the esthetic feelings."

The train sped through Clifton, and ran upon the great Cantilever Bridge, whose angely iron buttresses, are firm-based on the solid rock, around which the surging flood swells, hundreds of feet below.

"The train's on the Cantilever, is it?" remarked the irrepressible Funny Editor. "Can't I lever for another look at the Falls?"

"Stop that!" said the Managing Editor savagely. "That joke's been barred in our office for three months."

"This bridge is a wonderful piece of work," said the Statistical Editor. "With all the load they could pile on it its deflection was only three inches, while with ordinary trains its deflection is not perceptible. The Suspension Bridge gives down sometimes two feet with a heavy cattle train."

"I should think it would be most with trains that had the most Jersey cows."

"I don't know," said the Statiscal Editor, rubbing his head according to his wont when dubious of anything. "Why so?"

"Why, don't you know? Jerseys are great milkers—give down more'n any other breed—don't you know?"

Getting off the cars in the Town of Niagara Falls we walked back over the suspension bridge for foot and carriage travel. This gives an unsurpassed view of the Falls, which are directly in front of the center of the bridge, and but a short distance away. On it we were face to face with the mighty down-pour. The mist-cloud which rises from the tortured water at the foot of the Horseshoe Falls was directly in front, while the American Falls was on the left-front. At the foot of the American Falls are still great masses of ice, more than 100 feet high. One of these nearly covers the houses at the foot of the inclined railway from Prospect Park.

It is nearly 300 feet from the bridge to the water below. The latter seems calmed down—to have recovered with wonderful quickness from the wild perturbation from which it rises from its plunge to the bottom of the immense hole that must be worn at the bottom of the Falls.

Great quantities of ice is coming over the Falls. It unites into shapes like the clouds, and floats away to be again torn up by the terrible pulverization of the rapids.

"How grand beyond description or even conception all this is," said the Political Editor; "and no one can enjoy it more than myself—after I've had my breakfast. But breakfast is just now the thing to make me appreciate the grandest of the works of nature. Sight seeing on an empty stomach is neither entertaining nor instructive."

"You know," said the Funny Editor, "what Sydney Smith said when the doctor advised him to take a walk, on an empty stomach. 'Whose' he inquired. That's my sentiment." McELROY.

II.

"What a tyrant an empty stomach is," said the Political Editor, as we turned into the dining-room of the Brunswick House. The P. E. was as liable to drop off into philosophy without notice as old Silas Wegg was into poetry. "The despotism of Czar or Sultan,—Caligula or Nero,—is mild and lenient compared to that tyrant which each one of us carries around within and which demands that every other earthly object and desire shall be subordinated to the getting of three meals a day."

"Owen Meredith puts the matter in the best shape," said the Literary Editor, with his accustomed air of graceful languor when he felt quite sure of his quotation, "You remember that thing in *Lucile:*

We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without hearts,
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

"Speaking about stomachic tyranny," continued the Political Editor, not willing to be cut-quoted, "the Persians have a maxim that fire, flood and a hungry belly are absolutely without conscience."

"The Romans had as good a one," hastily put in the Literary Editor, gloating over an opportunity to show off his classics, "Warning suitors not to present their claims before dinner they said '*Venter non habet aures,*' empty bellies have no ears."

"Well you fellows may be able to take the edge off your appetities with poetry and Latin quotations," said the Funny Editor, impatiently, "but as for me I'm not so severely intellectual. My earthlier nature requires something fleshly and nutritive for my gastric juices to toy with. Yes, Landlord, I can bring me beefsteak and sausages, an omelet with jelly, hot rolls, codfish balls——"

"Just invoice the kitchen, and deliver him the whole stock, in five-minute instalments," broke in the Statistical Editor.

"And," continued the undisturbed F. E., "some flannel cakes with maple sirup, and a cup of coffee. And, I prithee, my winsome Canadian maiden, do not tarry by the way side to flirt with the cook or the porter. Reserve your amatory dallyings for some less pressing time, for verily I am anhungered. I havn't had a mouthful to eat since I've been in this blessed country."

"Do get him something," said the Religious Editor, "that the rest of us may eat our breakfasts in peace. He will be quiet then, for the wild ass does not bray when he has grass, nor does the ox low over his fodder."

"I'm not to be beaten out of my innings in this discussion over the importance of the stomach," said the Military Editor, after the appetites, set keen by the sharp bracing breeze that blew off the Falls had been somewhat appeased by the beefsteak and omelets, and the leisurely toying with cakes and sirup offered a hopeful opportunity for renewing the conversation. "I told a man the other day who was confessing his inability to comprehend the principles of military strategy, that the first fundamental principle was that a man cannot do without food longer than three days. The bravest, best-disciplined, best-armed and most enthusiastic army in the world becomes simply destroyed, if kept without food a few score hours. All its high courage, its marvelous strength, its lofty aims which make ambition virtue, are of no more avail than that rainbow which you see bending over the Falls, if each and every man does not have his two pounds of bread and meat daily."

"Here's another of these distressing scientists," said the Literary Editor, dolefully, "who will prove to us that all great deeds which make history illustrious, are simply the transmutation into valor and brawn of so many pounds of hard-tack and sow——bosom."

"Put it beans," corrected the Historical Editor. "Most of the fighting of the civilized world has been on a diet of beans. The old Romans conquered the world on beans, and the staple of the German soldier's rations are peas and beans."

"I rule all this talk as out of order in not being germane to the business before the meeting," said the Funny Editor. "The business of this delegation is not to discuss and authoritatively settle any of the great questions now throbbing through the world's intellect, but to inspect the Falls, and see that they are in good repair and proper condition for the reception of this year's crop of excursionists. I move that this Lyceum do now adjourn, that we may attend to our legitimate duties."

Lighting cigars we walked across the street in front of the Brunswick House to the edge of the cliff, which commands as fine a view as the Canadian shore affords. We stood there in silence for awhile, letting fuller comprehension of the sublime spectacle dawn on us with each passing minute. Everything was favorable. It was as bright and fresh a Spring morning as world had ever known. Just enough breeze swept down the rapids to move the mist-column in front of the Horseshoe Falls back and forth with a ghost-like slowness, and occasionally send a shower of spray over the road. From the terraced hills behind us came the pleasant smell of the new grass, and the bursting buds.

The first one to speak was the Political Editor. "How it all grows on me," he said. "The Falls seems twice as high as when I first looked at them. They loom up every minute. I now begin to realize what they are."

"And I am beginning to realize," said the Statistical Editor, "what is meant by the statement that 100,000,000 tons of water fall over those immense cliffs every hour. Just think of 100,000,000 tons falling 165 feet! That makes all the united power of all the steam engines in the world seem as puny in comparison as a child's hand by the side of the great Corliss engine. It is a power only to be compared with that which moves the planets in their orbits."

"And to think," added the Literary Editor, "how all this immense force is exerted by the sunbeams, which now fall on us as soft as the touch of an angel's wing. Yet they are lifting up this world of waters, and carrying them back to where after thousands of miles of journeying over wooded mountains, and fertile fields and torrent beds, they will again dash over that cliff into the fathomless abyss at its feet."

"I was never so struck with the intimate relations between sunlight and force," said the Political Editor, "as after the flood in Toledo, Winter before last. You remember it covered the Middle Ground with huge blocks of ice, aggregating countless thousands of tons in weight, and solid as the everlasting rocks. I went down to the Middle Ground, and saw my friend Ben. Reece, the energetic young Assistant Engineer of the Lake Shore Railroad, at work with a thousand or more men, locomotives, cars, etc., clearing the tracks. It was a stern, hard struggle of men with matter. Human muscle and the power of steam tugged and wrestled for days and nights, with the obdurate ice-masses, to clear a passage-way between them. Yet in a little while came the bright sunbeams, that touched the encumbering masses more lightly than with a baby's fingers, and they disappeared and left no sign of their being."

"There's a moral to that," said the Religious Editor. "Bright sunny kindness will do more than force——"

"O, condemn your morals and your philosophy, too," broke in the Funny Editor. "I don't want to hear of either. I only want to sit here undisturbed, with my hat off, so that all this grandeur can soak into my intellect."

Just then Mr. Waite came up and was introduced. He is the President of the Falls Hackmen's Association, and like the hackmen generally is a perfect cyclopedia of information concerning the Falls, besides being a bright, agreeable gentleman, which all of the hackmen are not.

"How deep is the water there under the cataract, Mr. Waite?"

"It is impossible to say exactly. But the scientific men generally estimate it at 240 feet. The water is about 20 feet deep on the Falls. The American Falls are 165 feet nigh, and the Canadian Falls six feet lower. The American Falls are 1,100 feet broad, and the Canadian about double that."

"You are in hard luck now, for you have fallen into the hands of a gang of professional interviewers. You may as well prepare to tell all you know to the uttermost fact or fabrication."

"Very well, gentlemen. Go ahead. I'll try to stand it as long as you can."

"This gas-pipe fence along the brink of the cliff is something new, isn't it?"

"Yes, we had it put up last season, after a long struggle with the authorities. It extends clear from the edge of the Falls up to the Rapids—four or five miles, altogether. It had to be done. Every season one or more people fell over the cliff and were killed. Last season one of the victims was a man from your State I think. He was sitting with his wife and children yonder on the edge of the cliff. His wife cautioned him to be more careful, but he laughed at her. He got up to turn around, and over he went. When they picked him up below there his head was all gone. The Town wanted the Dominion to put up the fence, and the Dominion thought the Town ought to do it. At last they compromised, by each paying half the expense."

"What reason was there for the Dominion doing the work?"

"The Dominion has retained the ownership of a strip six rods wide along the bank, as a military reservation."

"Then it would not have to buy that if the International Park scheme goes through?"

"No, certainly not."

"What do people here think of the International Park."

"O, we are all strongly in favor of it, or most all of us. It would be a grand thing for the Falls. It would put things in a much better shape, and bring 10 people here where one comes now. I hope it will be pushed through. It won't effect us so much, however, as it will the people on the American side. Here nearly every thing is open, and you can see the Falls from the very best places, without paying a cent. Over there you have to pay to get a view anywhere. Of course it will not affect us that have hotels and hacks in any way except that we will probably be bound by schedule prices, and be subject to regulations, but the business to be done will be much greater, and much more satisfactory than we now have it."

Several hacks which Mr. Gregor had provided came up, and the party entered for a visit to the Burning Spring, a mile or so up the river. The road lay over several little islands, around which off-shoots of the mighty current rush with a velocity that seems as if it would tear up their shallow rocky beds. The islands are connected with neat iron bridges, newly painted in brilliant red, white, blue, etc., and named "Castor," "Pollux," and other classical appellations. Anxious to study the world-famed Niagara hackman at a short range, I mounted the box beside the driver—a fine, intelligent, well-informed young man—William Good fellow by name—whom I recommend to all readers of the BLADE who visit Niagara. He must have suspected my motives, for he asked:

"I suppose you think that Niagara hackmen are a pretty hard lot?"

"That depends on whom you compare them with," I answered, "Contrasted with a New York Alderman, or an advertising quack doctor, I should imagine a Falls hackman to appear a meek-minded, moderate man."

"I left the Falls two years ago," he said, "and traveled in the States, working at one thing and another. Everywhere I went it was the same story. Everybody gave the Falls and the hackmen a terrible blast. I tell you the Falls has an awful name."

"How much of it is deserved?"

"Well, a good deal of it has been in the past, but things are much better now. They are trying to straighten things up here. I don't believe that anywhere in the country a man can get carried around as cheaply as he can here. He wants to make a bargain, though, and understand what he is doing. The card rates which the Council has ordered are very low, and every hackman is bound to show them to his customers. If he overcharges and he is reported, he will be fined and may be have his license taken away from him. A customer can frequently make a bargain much less than the schedule when business is dull, and be carried around cheaper than he can walk. But there is very little complaint of the hackmen on this side of the river. It is mostly on the other side. They charge big for everything over there."

"Well, how about you men accumulating National Bank stock, and your wives wearing diamonds the size of walnuts?"

"O, that's all nonsense. I'll tell you the honest truth, when I say that most of the hackmen around here do not make a fair living. During two or three months they may make a good deal of money, but the rest of the year they are idle, and their horses are eating their heads off. In fact it was such poor business for me that two years ago I quit it, and went at something else. Since I have been back I have managed to find some other teaming to do during the dull times, and so I think I will come out ahead at the end of the year, but there are plenty of 'em that won't, I can tell you."

"Who owns the land along the Falls?"

"Back there in Clifton it is cut up into lots and owned by different people. A great many living in England own lots here. They have gone up in price greatly in the last few years. Lots that could not have been bought for a couple of hundred dollars are now held at $2,500."

"How large are the lots?"

"Usually about 45 feet front."

"Who owns this above the Horseshoe Falls?"

"That is all the property of a man named Steele. He inherited it from his uncle. The uncle was a very public-spirited man, and spent a great deal of money in improving the property. He built that mill which you see there. It was a woolen mill, but it is not running now. I used to work in it. He put up cottages on these islands, like that one you see there, for his workmen, and made roads, planted trees, etc., and beautified the drives. His nephew is letting everything go to rack and ruin, except the bridges, and the Burning Spring, which pays him a fine income. See that tumble-down house and fences! That's the way they are all going."

"That orchard certainly looks like the garden of the sluggard."

"How the water does whirl and rush over the rocks out there."

"Yes, it does bustle along pretty lively. You ought to see it sometimes when logs or a scow is going down."

"You are too young to have seen the steamer 'Caroline,' go over the Falls?" queried the Historical Editor.

"O, yes, much too young. But I used to know the man that cut her loose. He got a pension of $1,000 a year from the Dominion Government for it as long as he lived, and his widow gets $500 a year now. There used to be a doctor around here that saw the boat go over. He was called out to attend the men wounded in the capture of her, and as he rode along the shore he saw her flying down in the current, a mass of flames, with her smoke pipes red-hot, and her steam whistle blowing like all possessed. She seemed to stop a second on the edge of the Falls, and then went over and disappeared."

"What was the 'Caroline?'" asked the Literary Editor.

"She was a steamer that plied on the river above the Falls in 1837," answered the Historical Editor. "At that time there was a rebellion in Canada against the British Government, known as the 'Patriot War.' The 'Caroline' was used in ferrying people across the river, and the Rebels, who had established themselves on Navy Island, which was claimed by both the Governments, made some use of her. The story was that they intended to make some descent in her upon some part of the Canadian frontier. On the night of December 29, 1837, she was lying at Schlosser's Landing, a few miles above here, and on the American side of the river from Navy Island. A great many people were collected at Schlosser's, and many of them were sleeping on the boat, because they could not find room on shore. A party of Canadian Loyalists crossed the river in boats, surprised the sleepers, drove most of them ashore, killed one, wounded some others, towed the boat out into the middle of the stream, and setting her afire, let her go. The thing stirred up a great deal of feeling in the United States, they said there were many people afloat of her when she was sent over and it was with great difficulty that a war was averted."

The catechism of the hackman was resumed.

"You have lived here a long time, have you, Mr. Goodfellow?"

"O, yes, I was born here. I was born in the old Prospect House."

"I suppose you saw pretty lively times here during the war, from the number of Rebels and Rebel sympathizers that flocked here?"

"Yes, there used to be great crowds of them and of low down, draft sneaks, runaways, and so on here. Valendigham stopt here at the Clifton House, for awhile, you remember. The proprietor there got tired of the crowd he drew around him, and one day asked him to give up the room, which Valandigham had to do. There were a great many of our boys over in your army, too. Most of the 100th New York Regiment was made up of boys from around here. My brother was Color-Sergeant of the 100th New York, and was killed at the battle of Fort Gregg. I remember when he came home on a furlough, when he re-enlisted as a veteran, I was a little fellow then. Some blamed him for wearing his uniform on this side. They tried to persuade him to not go back, but he was firm as a rock. He said he was going to see the war through."

"Here's the Burning Spring, gentlemen," said Mr. Gregor, alighting from his carriage, an example we all followed.

The Burning Spring is a rather remarkable issue of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, from the foot of the high bluff that runs along the Canadian side of the river. Over the spring has been built a little frame building, in which there is the inevitable display of nick-nacks, wood-carving, quartz paper weights, cheap jewelry, etc., at prices perceptibly higher than the same thing can be bought in a notion store anywhere else. The Spring has the customary smell of mature eggs peculiar to sulphur springs, and the gas is so strong that it can be lighted and burns with some brilliancy. After a glass has been emptied of the water there is enough of the gas remaining in it to burn for several seconds. The most interesting part is the view of the head of the rapids.

"The old Frenchman's reason for not drinking water," said the Funny Editor, "was that it tastes of sinners so since the flood. This tastes and smells as if the sinners where it comes from ought to be gotten out, identified by their friends, and a Coroner's inquest held over them, before the remains become so decomposed as to be unrecognizable. I don't blame old Noah for starting a vineyard to get something to drink that was not so game in flavor."

McELROY.

The Blade as a Temperance Paper.

To the Editor of the Blade.

No one should think of writing for 500,000 people to read, unless he is able to say something that will be likely to do some good, yet I am impelled to say something in the cause of prohibition. Perhaps it would be better for me to stop drinking beer first, but I want to see the good work go on, and it appears to me that saloons must go or civilization must take a back seat. Liquor venders know that they are not engaged in a legitimate business, and hence their National organization with a list of names of all their adherents, and thus armed with all the sinues of war, they propose to fight for the perpetuity of the greatest curse that ever rested upon the American people. They are making a desperate fight. They can rally all their friends as a bad man in a bad course always can. While on the other side there are thousands of good men and women who detest the existance of saloons, yet have not the heart to work in the cause of temperance. They will say "it is no use you can't stop it" and thinking thus they neglect to rally to the cause. It is of little use to preach to them the evils of whisky; they know them full well. They do not seem to know and comprehend that the law says that saloons must forever be closed when a majority of the people say so. How are this class of people to be reached. If every newspaper in the land would take the position that the BLADE does, short work might be made of it. Many editors have not the manhood to do it, and many are not able to do it. The Rum Power wars to the knife. Let a paper talk Temperance and the Rum Power cuts off its support, and the fault of the Prohibitionist is to stand by and see its editors starve. No one can deny but this state of things exists to a great extent and it lies in the power of workers in the good cause to remedy to a great extent by the same weapon that the Rum Power uses. The position of the BLADE is the true one. It is doing a great deal of good, and ought to be sustained. This article may be read by many who belong to Temperance organizations and by Temperance lecturers. To all such—I wish to thunder in your ears with emphatic notes that will not cease to ring that a National paper—the Toledo BLADE—is read by at least 500,000 people every week, is heartily working for you and with you, and that you can do no greater good for the cause than to aid in its circulation. You have done much. Keep on in the good work; let your respective orders appoint committees to canvass for the BLADE, let your lecturers carry copies of it, and all solicit for it everywhere with vim, as the best and cheapest Family Weekly published. Let not the Rum Power be able to say: "Look at the BLADE. See how it lost its subscribers when it advocated Prohibition." No! Double its Circulation. Show the whisky venders that there is a "God in Israel." It will exert a strong influence on other papers to follow the example of the BLADE. This appeal is not made in the money interest of the paper, but solely in the cause of Prohibition. I know nothing of any person connected with the BLADE, further than I have gained by reading its weekly issue. I am not afraid it will go to the wall, but every good man and woman ought to take pride in seeing its circulation increase.—MINNESOTA, Sandy Creek, Minn.

Free Trade.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

Free Trade means low wages—to enable us to compete in the "world's markets"—suppose it refers to the Congo Valley, the Soudan Kautchatta, the Fejee Islands, etc. Low wages mean a reduction of the power of sunning capacity of the mass of the people, a reduction of the volume of trade, cutting off the demand for supply, which is already too large for the demand. I admit that with Free Trade we can buy a suit of clothes for $10 which will have to last two years, with the proud conscientiousness that it is rock bottom value in the "worlds' market," while under the Protective tariff we buy two suits a year at $30, the "worlds' market" price would be only $15. Our women fling their $50 silk dresses along the sidewalks in the illusion that they are worth $50, what they paid for them. The "world's market" calls them worth only $25, while their Free Trading sisters in England and Ireland wear their Scotch gingham at rock bottom prices, sneering at our illusions. We stand on carpets taxed at 45 per cent. $35. The Free Trading rag and middle classes save the cost and the tax oy not using any at all. They have life in all its reality, we have it in a fancy dream. Pray, Mr. Freetrader, do not disturb us in our dreams—we want to dream forever. A. B.

May 16, 1884.

Home Missionaries.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SHELTON, Neb., April 5.—Please allow and find room in your excellent and extensively circulated paper a few words in regard to the way missionary money is used in this Western country; for it is high time the people East who contribute money in all sincerity to send the "Word of Life" to the destitute, should know a little about where their money goes, and just how it is spent. I have lived—resided in Buffalo County, Nebraska—the past thirteen years, and have traveled thousands of miles trying to proclaim the good news of Salvation, and became to be friendly to Christianity as the best system of religion ever presented to intelligent men and women. Yet it is a fact, and has been for years, that those who own better and larger farms, drive better teams, handle more money, ride in good carriages, and wear good clothes, yes, church members, ministers and missionaries, have money to attend the theater, dances, saloons, smoke cigars, etc.

Such men, i. e. those who habitually, persistently, year after year, indulge in such little peccadillos, have in the past drawn thousands of dollars from the missionary treasury, and are still drawing hundreds of dollars from the same source.

This country is infested with men who could not be employed as ministers East; men who are almost, if not quite, as great a scourge and curse to any community as the saloonkeeper. Yes, they are worse, for they sell women and girls at auction, or to the highest bidder, while some of them weigh and sell them by the pound—all to build up the Church. While men here get from $1,500 to $2,000 per annum for overseeing and distributing home missionary funds, it would have been far better if there had never been $1 sent here.

J. N. ALLEN.

For the Blade.

Pulling Teeth.

This is an unpleasant subject to write about for it suggests to many persons very painful memories. My father was one of those old-fashioned country physicians who in the course of his practice, to relieve suffering patients was obliged to extract molars of all sizes. The Seneca Indians often came to our house, and father, mother, and students often tried their skill on the teeth of these grinning red men, who would during an operation sit composedly and manifest pain by a grunt, grin or an oath. I often held their heads and have witnessed the manifestations of their courage. My father had a student who seems to enjoy the fun of pulling teeth, and I was present one time when a tall subject came into the office and requested the young Galen to pull out his tooth. The latter cheerfully consented to perform the operation. At that time the old-fashioned turnkeys were used, each of which has a hook and when fastened upon the tooth would pry it out. It worked upon the stump machine principle. This young Doctor performed the operation successfully but not very gracefully, for he lifted the six-footer out of his chair and straightened him up at full length. When the job was finished the victim inquired the charges. "Nothing," said the Doctor, "if you don't charge anything, I shan't; we'll call it 'quits.'" A friend once informed me that he witnessed a tooth-pulling performance by an Indian, which method is not practiced by his pale faced brother. I believe a patent has not been issued for this mode. The Indian took a string, fastened one end to a bullet and the other to his tooth, then the bullet was rammed down the gun and fired off. The tooth, luckily, flew this time; but this, in some cases, might prove a dangerous operation, for if the string was stout and the molar small, imbedded in the jaw, the Indian might accompany the bullet, which, to him, would be an unpleasant performance.

Birmingham, Mich. W. C. HOTT.

Oregon as it is.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Maybe a description of Oregon will be of interest to your readers, and, although I have not been here a year, I have traveled all over the Eastern and Western part of the State. The surface of the land is very rolling, the Western part also heavily timbered and well watered, while in the Eastern part both timber and water are scarce. The climate is delightful, there being but about 10 days of cold weather last Winter. The maximum degree of temperature since November 7 being about 70 degrees, and minimum 60 degrees.

In West Oregon, in order to get a farm, a man must spend his days clearing and grubbing. In the extreme East irrigation is necessary. Central Oregon is one of the finest grazing districts this earth furnishes, and is, at the same time, a fine farming country. The productions are wheat, oats, barley, live stock, lumber and wool. The Columbia River furnishes large amounts of salmon, which are canned and shipped to all parts of the world.

If a laborer comes to Oregon, my advice is not to come to Portland or any other business center, for they are overrun with men. The country is the place for them. Another thing, people in the East must not think that going to Oregon and going to Heaven are one and the same thing, for Oregon has its share of drawbacks.

J. F. WISNER.

Portland, Nultnomah Co., Oregon.

We Certainly Ought To.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Will you publish the heading to a petition to Congress to restore pay, rank, and good name to all soldiers who were court-martialed that had no proof against them than was against Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter?

McCook, Neb. WHITE ACORN.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Oswego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could not live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a permanent cure was effected.

TOWNSLEY'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE cures instantly.

Mothers, Attention!

Chas. Jones, of Elizabeth, Spencer Co., Ind., says: I have dealt in medicine a number of years, and will say that DR. ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP is the most valuable medicine I ever sold. My customers were so pleased with its effects that they purchased a number of bottles to have it on hand. It is all that it is recommended to be.

French Ideas.

A singular case is recorded in the *Paris Figaro*, which shows that they do "these things better in France." A man named Rohart has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for shooting the lover of his wife in the stomach, death nearly ensuing. The prisoner has evidently very modern and advanced ideas of the marriage tie, for it appeared that three times, for months at a time, he allowed his wife to go and live with his rival, telling her that by that means she would soon find out who was the best husband. She appears to have finally decided for the rival, and that was the cause of the attempted murder. In his defense, in answer to the remark of the president of the court, "You were therefore one of the most indulgent of husbands;" the prisoner replied, "I thought so much of my wife that I could not refuse her even a lover." It is this friendly sentiment which seems to have accounted for the extremely lenient sentence.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the People of the United States, North, South, East and West.

A Good Substantial Watch in Connection with the Blade.

In view of the approaching campaign, and to place the BLADE in as many additional families as possible, we will receive subscriptions for EIGHT months at the rate of SIXTY-SEVEN cents.

THE WATERBURY WATCH.

We want a very large increase in the circulation of the BLADE, and are willing to pay for it. To reward those who will assist in this work we will give a WATERBURY WATCH on the terms published below, under the head of "THE ONLY TERMS." Read carefully, and either get your BLADE for nothing, or a good Watch for nothing. The WATERBURY WATCH is known as an entirely reliable, substantial stem-winding watch, as good a time-keeper as any in the market.

We have made this arrangement, not for profit, but because in the interest of good government we want at least 100,000 additional subscribers during the next six months, and as many more as TWO OF THE FAMOUS SCOTT PERFECTING PRESSES WILL PRINT, and those who do the work we want to remunerate in some way.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the importance of a Republican success in November next. Every man who desires stability in government, steadiness and uniformity in business, every man who desires peace and quiet and who dreads anarchy and confusion, appreciates this as well as we do.

To the enlightenment of voters the country should be covered with sound reading matter, and that the BLADE takes upon itself to furnish.

The WATERBURY WATCH is the lowest priced watch ever made, but cheap as it is, it is as good a time-piece and as durable and reliable as any watch made. It is a stem-winder, no key being required, and may be regulated to as fine a point as the higher-priced watches. It is encased in white metal, and to the manufacturer's warrant we add our own. The cases will not tarnish. The regular price of the watch and the least it can be bought for is $3.50.

It is a marvel of cheapness and accuracy, and will do everything that any watch will.

The following cut shows the size and style of the watch:

THE ONLY TERMS:

For $3.50—The watch, and the WEEKLY BLADE for one year.

For $3.50—The watch, and two copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $4.99—The watch, and five copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $8.00—The watch and ten copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $14.25—The watch, and twenty copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $19.80—Thirty copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months and the watch sent free.

Now for work. Every man who needs a watch, either for his own use or for his boy, can get one at a merely nominal cost, and a good, durable watch it will prove itself. It is not a toy, but as good as any made.

Every boy of 14 wants a watch and should have one. Every man who travels who has an expensive watch should have a Waterbury to carry when away. Everybody wants a watch anyhow, and everybody wants, or ought to, the best Republican paper published. Roll in the subscribers.

The watches are sent by mail, postpaid, and we shall fill every order the day it is received.

Send by postal order or draft on New York. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks, as we cannot use them without loss.

Address, always,

BLADE, Toledo, O.

A CHANGE

THE LAST COMPETITION

$7,500.

IN "TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION, CLOSING JUNE 10.

NUMBER TEN.

The New Medical Bible Questions.

1.—Is there a single verse in the Bible in which consumption and ague are both mentioned?

2.—Is there another verse in the Bible where consumption, fever and inflammation are all referred to?

3.—Mention a passage in the Bible in which a lump of figs is ordered as a good plaster for boils.

The publisher of Toronto TRUTH this time far surpasses any of his many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible Questions. It is a marvel how he can do it, for we know he gives the awards exactly as we have stated in previous notices of his plan. Long lists of prize-winners' names and addresses (even to street and number when in cities) are given in every alternate issue of TRUTH. We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in the past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the *six hundred and twenty-five* persons who send, according to the conditions stated below, correct answers to these Bible Questions, given by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, *all* of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered. Here are

THE REWARDS.

1—Elegant Rosewood Piano	$350 00
2—Twelve-Stop Cabinet Organ	200 00
3 and 4—2 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting, box cases, elegantly engraved Elgin Watches	200 00
5 to 7—3 Magnificent Triple Silver-plated Tea Services, 6 pieces	300 00
8 to 9—2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem setting, Genuine Elgin Watches	200 00
10 and 11—2 Celebrated Wanzer Sewing Machines	120 00
12 to 16—5 Gentlemen's Elegant Solid Gold Hunting-case Watches	125 00
17 to 19—3 Gentlemen's Open-face, Solid Coin Silver Watches	72 00
20 to 28—9 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-case Watches	144 00
29 to 37—9 Solid Nickel Silver, open-face, heavy beveled, Crystal Watches	135 00
38 to 46—9 Aluminum Gold Hunting-case Watches	126 00
47 to 51—5 Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings	55 00
52 to 62—11 Solid Gold Gem Rings	99 00
63 to 74—12 Renowned Waterbury Watches	60 00
75 to 85—11 Half-dozen sets Solid Triple Silver-Plated Dessert Spoons	88 00
86 to 96—11 Half-dozen sets Solid Triple Silver plated Countess Teaspoons	66 00
97 to 136—100 copies, handsomely bound, of Shakespeare's Works	252 50
207 to 247—139 Elegant Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives	139 00

Bear in mind that each competitor must send with their answers one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for six months. You therefore PAY NOTHING ADDITIONAL for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, getting full and big value for your dollar investment in receiving TRUTH for six months. The regular subscription price of TRUTH is $2 per year. Please mention, when you are sending in your answers, in what paper you first saw this description of this plan. Remember, to the sender of the *first correct answer* to the questions proposed the piano will be sent. The second correct answer will take the organ; the third, one of those beautiful solid gold watches, and so on until all the three hundred and forty-seven rewards are disposed of. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARD

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

GENERAL ETIQUET

XXVII.

Some one asks you for a letter of recommendation. He feels perhaps that very much depends upon it—it may be his entire success in what he is about to undertake. A good word, well said, from one who is responsible and honorable will go a great ways.

There is one thing to remember in writing such letters. You do not want to "gush." Do not enter into any long enthusiastic setting forth of the excellencies of the person in question, but in a plain, straightforward way, speak of his qualifications for the position he is seeking. Let it read something like this:

TOLEDO, May 15, 1884.

Dr. J. J. DUBOIS,
Supt. Public Schools, Louisville,
DEAR SIR:

The bearer of this letter, Miss Celia Burleigh, desires to obtain the position now vacant in your High School. I am glad to say that she is well qualified for the place, having been for several years a most successful teacher in a similar one. You cannot fail to be satisfied with her work should you conclude to employ her, and I most cordially recommend her to your kind consideration.

Very Truly Yours,
H. A. WHITE.

Right here I want to say a word with regard to letters of recommendation, which has nothing to do with the form of writing them. They are too often given indiscriminately until they, in many cases, come to mean nothing. I remember looking over one ones, written to a friend concerning an applicant for the position of governess in her family. It was signed by a lady of standing and position and one well known for her amiability of character.

"You can ask nothing better than that, surely," I said.

"If I could only depend upon it, "she replied, "but Mrs. E. is so good natured that she could never refuse to recommend anyone who asks her, no matter how she herself may feel in regard to the fitness of the individual. The person may be all I can desire, but I shall not think of taking her simply on the strength of this letter."

Mrs. E. is only a type of a large class of persons in the world who cannot say no. They flatter themselves that it is an evidence of a kind heart, this not being willing to stand in the way of some one's getting a desired situation. And so it may be, but it is also an evidence of weakness of character that renders them willing to bear false witness rather than to take the trouble or the unpleasantness of refusing to do so. Anyone who gives a servant or an employe an undeserved recommendation, written or spoken, simply, in plain English, tells a lie. No good is accomplished and much harm done, because it shields incompetency and carelessness, if not absolute wrong-doing from their legitimate consequences, while it is an imposition upon the person who accepts the good words as truth.

This is, however, a digression. To return to the methods of letter writing. Suppose you are an applicant for a position. Make your letter as concise and business-like as possible. Something like this form will do: Learning that you will need a cashier the 1st of June I desire to apply for the position. For information as to my qualifications, I will refer you to Messrs. White, Sneed, etc., etc.

There is no use of your spreading out a list of your accomplishments all over the page, for they will not weigh with a business man unless supported by the evidence of others. If you are well known in the place, it is an easy matter for him to learn all he wants to know; if a stranger he will apply to your references, and also judge by your appearance. A shrewd man will tell more in the last way than in any other.

An acceptance of a business position should follow the same rules. It need only say: I accept your proposition, and will report for duty June 1st.

I have already given forms for invitations, parties, etc., and for regrets. Some young man, however, writes to know the proper form to use in inviting a young lady to attend a concert with him. Here it is:

MISS DURHAM:

Can I have the pleasure of your company to the concert to-morrow evening? If so, I will call for you at quarter of eight. Truly Your Friend,
GEORGE E. GRANT.

Tuesday, May 13.

If the young lady is a familiar acquaintance or friend, the beginning may be less formal, as "Miss Carrie," or whatever her Christian name happens to be.

A letter comes to me, the first paragraph of which reads thus:

EMILY S. BOUTON,

Dear —— ? What next? Will "Madam" do? Suppose I know nothing of you except the signature I see in the BLADE—do not know whether you are married or unmarried—how am I to address you? Of course I suppose I know that it is Miss Emily S. Bouton, but have no personal acquaintance to justify any special term. What is to be done?

Our correspondent is by no means the first who has propounded this query, showing that it is often a matter of embarrassment. I think it can be settled in this way: By using the term "Madam" in addressing all women, whether young or old, married or unmarried exactly as "Sir" is applied to all gentlemen without reference to age or domestic conditions. That it is proper can readily be seen by referring to the derivation of "Madame," which is ma, my, and dame, dame or lady. "My lady" is then the real meaning of the term, which, Webster says, is "a complimentary or courteous form of address to a lady—especially to an elderly or married lady." The last phrase, however, does not preclude its application to any woman, and it is perfectly proper to use it in addressing young or old, married or unmarried. It may be considered simply as a substitute for the old term "Mistress," which was applied indiscriminately to all of the sex. In speech its place was taken by Mrs. and Miss, but neither of these are admissable in written address' being really only colloquialisms. Our habit of associating "Madam" only with maturity makes its application to young girls in their teens seem out of place, but "Miss" at the beginning of a letter is certainly not in good taste, and when the fact stated above, that the former term merely represents the old term "Mistress," is considered, that thought of unfitness will pass away.

The following is another inquiry, which I use as written to me, because it so well expresses the doubt which is felt since the emphatic assertion by many of a woman's right to use her own name as freely and unqualifiedly as her husband does his.

I have noticed two articles recently upon the impropriety of married ladies signing themselves Mrs. Will you tell me whether this rule is always applicable?

I received from abroad, some time since, from an elderly gentleman whom I had never seen, certain publications. In acknowledging the receipt of them, what would be the proper signature? In this and similar cases it appears that the signing of one's given name is too informal.

I am fully and entirely in sympathy with the feeling that a woman has as much right to her own individuality as her husband has to his. This, however, does not seem to me to be in the least compromised by the use of a signature in a letter which belongs to her as a wife. To friends and familiar acquaintances it is not necessary in the least, but to a stranger or an indifferent person it is more formal and dignified, and therefore in better taste. It is true that in a business communication it is none of the receiver's business whether the writer is married or not, and yet the absence of the knowledge sometimes places women in false and embarrassing positions. In such cases, however, she runs her own risk, and it is perfectly proper to sign herself as it pleaseth her best. In that mentioned by our correspondent, it would seem to me more dignified to use her *own* name with the prefix "Mrs." There is, however, such a growing difference of opinion in this respect that a lady can follow out her own ideas without violating any canon of etiquet. It is simply a matter of individual opinion.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Scarf, or Chair Back.—These may be made of gray momie cloth or pongee. Fringe the ends for four inches. Above this make a border of drawn work, with space through which narrow ribbons may be interlaid. Above this draw large discs of a size proportioned to the width of scarf or chair back. Let some of these be single and some overlapping each other. Fill them in with long stitches slanting from one side to the other of the circle, then crossing them with four or five threads caught down at intervals. Work the circle around the outside with black. Use crewels if the scarf is of linen, and washing embroidery silk if made of pongee. The colors of the discs must be decided by the taste of the individual, but care must be taken to have the combination effective. The use of the discs is comparatively new and is to take the place of the conventional forms so long employed.

Crocheting. Open Shell Stitch.—The foundation is made with the s. c. stitch. It is worked with five d. c. on every other second row. A space of five s. c. is to be worked between every two open shell stitches. To make the latter, leave the loop of the 6th s. c. just worked untouched on the needle; pass the needle through both vertical loops of the s. c.; pass it through the front loop of the corresponding stitch on the row before the last, and make five d. c. through that loop, lessening the first loop on the needle untouched, which will only be drawn through with the last loops of the fifth d. c. The next d. c. must be missed after every open shell stitch. Abbreviation: o. s. s.

Embroidery. Cording Stitch.—Begin with the stalk of the design always working from you. Throw the thread forward and put the needle through towards you making the second stitch lie parallel with the first, but projecting half its length beyond it. One line really dove-tails into the other so that no abrupt terminations are seen. Where it is possible this should be worked in curved lines. It is used very extensively in embroidery especially in articles that are to be washed.

Cross Wish Morning Glories.—Will need silver white, ivory black, rose madder, permanent blue, lemon, yellow and chromo green. Also one bottle pale drying oil (cost 25 cents) one outline brush and one medium size long-handled camel's hair brush. Vein all the leaves first with pure lemon yellow, preserving the fine line as indicated by the stamping. Mix a little white and chrome green and outline all the leaves. Next proceed to paint the cross, adding ivory black to white until you have a pretty blue or silver gray as your taste may suggest. Add enough oil to make the paint very smooth, taking great care to put it on the satin evenly, and also being careful not to touch the outlines of stems and blossoms which are partly on the cross. For the latter, body of leaves and curling tendrils, mix equal parts of white, lemon yellow and chrome green. Paint the body of all the morning glories and buds with white, which has been well blended down with oil. Stripe some of the morning glories with pink madder and others with the permanent blue; vary the buds in the same way. Paint the leaves with chrome green, to which white and a little yellow have been added. In one side of each leaf make the shade a little darker. After the bodies of the leaves are dry, add a little terra verde (if you have it) to a little chrome green and retouch all the veins. Sprinkle well with diamond dust while the paint is yet moist.—E. S. L., Thompson.

To Prepare Hair for Making a Switch.—I will try to tell "A Reader" as nearly as I can: First you need a hair loom, which is made in this way: Take a nice board about 18 inches long and four or five wide, of the desired thickness; make a hole in each end about two inches from the end; have two sticks about four or five inches long, and fit them very solid in the holes; then with a hot wire, about the size of a bucket pail, make three holes about an inch apart in the left hand post, the upper hole being about one inch from the top of post, and one hole in center of right hand post. Then make four keys to fit the holes—male like violin keys, with a small hole in the end of each key—and your loom is ready for use. Next you "thread the loom": Take coarse thread, I use No. 8 cotton, but linen thread is nicer; then thread a common sewing needle with the thread, not breaking it; fix pass needle through hole in key of right-hand post, then through hole in upper key of left-hand post, then through hole in middle key of same post, and back through hole in key of right-hand post, then back to left hand post where you fasten thread by passing needle through hole in lower key several times and tying; before breaking thread from spool fasten thread about 1½ inches from right-hand post, then have thread about twice as long as loom and break it, and now you are ready to weave your switch.

This is how I straighten my hair, but it is very tedious: I take a bunch of hair in my left hand, holding it between my second and third fingers and with my right hand I pick out one hair at a time, and place them roots upward between thumb and first finger of left hand, and when I have picked out hair enough to make a piece as large as a coarse sewing needle, I wet about an inch of the root ends and weave it, by taking hair in left hand between thumb and finger and passing it outward and upward between lower and middle thread, and then over upper thread, and down and toward you between upper and middle thread, left out from you between middle and lower thread, then up and toward you over lower thread, then up and down again as before, always weaving toward the right, and when you have reached the middle thread coming downward pass roots of hair out from you, and slip hair toward the right very close, and then firmly fasten it, by taking loose end of the thread, near right hand post and putting it between lower and middle thread, (to the left of hair) letting it come out toward you then up and out over middle thread, then draw thread to the right of hair, and wrap it around post to keep hair in place; then weave another piece and another, and so on until your loom is full, and fasten thread at left side of hair by tying in several knots, then cut thread from posts and it is done.—MAY ROSE, Lock Box 87, Marion Ind.

Shell-work Wristlets.—Get two shades of single zephyr (or more if desirable,) as it takes from 1 to 1½ ounces for a pair. Cast on with the zephyr double (in double stitches) 27 on two needles, 18 on the third; nine stitches form a shell, eight shells the usual size for a lady's wrist, nine for a gentleman.

Do not knit around plain, but with a single thread—p 2,—k 1—widen by throwing over thread—k 4—n—continue thus around the wristlet. Second row—p 2—k 2—(that includes the loops made by widening)—w—k 3—n. Third row—p 2—k 3—w—k 2—n, etc. Fourth row—p 2—k 4—w—k 1—n, etc. Fifth row—p 2—k 5—w—n. This forms one row of shells; then set in another shade of worsted if you like, and begin as at first. It is pretty knit with two rows of shells of each shade, or with but one, according to the taste. Bind off on the last row of shells the last time around. Be sure and not knit plain, but seam, knit, widen and narrow as usual, binding each stitch over the last. When you knit the first time around be sure and take the stitches double, making 72 around the cuff, w means widen.—MRS. R. S. JACOBS, Independence, N. Y.

Vine Tidy.—Cast on 89 stitches, and knit across alternately 11 times plain and purl—plain when the smooth side is nearest the knitter, and purl when the rough side is nearest. First pattern row—k 12 plain, o once, * t o and n 3 times, o, k 1 plain, o, k 2 plain, slip and bind (that is, slip 1, k 1, and throw the slipped stitch over), k 4 plain, slip and bind, k 2 plain, repeat from * twice, then o and n 3 times, o, k 12 plain. Second row—p, all even rows the same. Third row—k 11 plain, n 1, * o and n 3 times, o, k 3 plain, o, k 2 plain, slip and bind, k 2 plain, slip and bind, k 2 plain, repeat from * twice, then o and n 3 times, o, k 13 plain. Fifth row—k 10 plain, n 1, * o and n 3 times, o, k 5 plain, o, k 2 plain, slip and bind twice, k 2 plain, repeat from * twice, then o and n 3 times, o, k 14 plain. Seventh row—k 12 plain, * o and n 3 times, o, k2 plain, slip and bind, k 4 plain, slip and bind, k 2 plain, o, k 1 plain, repeat from * twice, then o and n 4 times, k 12 plain. Ninth row—k 13 plain, * o and n 3 times, o, k 2 plain, slip and bind, k 2 plain, slip and bind, k 2 plain, o, k 3 plain, repeat from * twice, then o and n 4 times, k 11 plain. Eleventh row—k 14 plain, * o and n 3 times, o, k 1 plain, slip and bind twice, k 2 plain, o, k 5 plain, repeat from * twice, then o and n 4 times, k 10 plain. Repeat from first pattern row as many times as required, then knit across 11 times alternately plain and purl. Add fringe at the ends. Remember that when the directions say "over and knit 2 together three times," etc., the "over" is to be repeated, as well as the knit 2 together. The fringe is simply knotted on the end of the tidy, and is about 4 inches deep. Use fine cotton.

Correspondence.

HOW TO TRUST.—Ralph Douglas says: "How do you trust? Why do you trust?" and "Don't say the Bible."

I trust because I trusted once and found the rock beneath. Since then He has never failed me once. Day by day He has given physical strength in place of weakness. One may, perhaps, by a firm determination bring herself to believe what she wishes or thinks she ought to believe. One may, perhaps, work herself, by persistent effort into a desired state of feeling, but one cannot so easily account for physical strength given day by day. This evidence is not belief in Christ. Belief in the Bible is not belief in Christ. Frankly, I do not know whether the Bible is all true or not, but I know Christ is true by many trials of His words. It is so much easier just to believe Christ and try His faithfulness at first hand, than to go through all the evidence about those who only wrote about Him, and at last be obliged to test His faithfulness for yourself.

"How do you know your life is eternal?" Without the Bible you do not know. There lives no man who has ever lived through the ages of eternity, and who can tell us what shall be. No other book, save those of the Brahmin and Buddhist pretends to tell.—CLAIRE.

MEMORIAL DAYS.—There is profit as well as pleasure to be derived from the observance of memorial days. It is pleasant to think that each month's casket of 30 jewels holds, for us at least, one bright green. Each individual has his own idea of enjoyment. To many the celebration of the "Fourth" is the great event of the year, while others find equal pleasure in observing special Sundays. For instance, the second Sabbaths of February, May, July and November, by reading certain passages from Psalms, Corinthians and Job, knowing that thousands of people all over the world are on that day reading the same passage of Scripture, for such is the case.

From time immemorial the first of the new year has been held a festal day. For thousands of years nations have joyously welcomed the new year. The old, with its trials, disappointments and sorrows has passed, and they eagerly look forward to hoped for happiness in the new, while old Mother Earth adds one to the years of her existence on the calendar of time. As New Year's gifts are exchanged among friends now, so they were ages ago. Old Romans gave rich and costly presents, the Druids gave dried branches of sacred mistletoe, severed with a golden knife, from a tree dedicated to their gods. The old Saxons observed the same custom, presenting gifts of various sorts. We greet all with a "Happy New Year." The old Roman salutation to his friend was "Annum novum fastum felicenque ut"—a prosperous and happy new year to you. The early New Yorkers originated the custom of gentlemen calling upon ladies on the first of the new year. England "rings the old year out and the new year in." France is extravagant in her lavish expenditures for the festivities of the day. Of this day Washington Irving wrote: "In this season of festivity when the gate of time swings open on its hinges, an honest, rosy-faced New year comes, loaded with good wishes, good humor and minced pies; at this joyous era it has been the custom from time immemorial, in this ancient and respectable City for periodical writers, editors of magazines, reviews and newspapers to tender their subscribers the compliments of the season, and when they have duly thawed their hearts with a little of the sunshine of flattery, to conclude by delicately dunning them for the arrears of their subscription money."

January holds another day, the 11th, observed by some colleges in memory of Alexander Hamilton, of whom it has been said: "The genius of this man has flashed through and illumined whatever is great and glorious in our national history." The last Thursday of the month is observed in the churches as a day of prayer for colleges. Many find pleasure in remembering St. Valentine's Day, February 14, and on the 22d, commemorating the birthday of George Washington, whose "character possessed a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man." Irving wrote: "The fame of Washington stands apart from every other name in history; shining with a truer light and a more benignant glory."

True enjoyment may be found in observing the anniversary of the birth of the king of American poets on the 27th, reading choice selections from the works of him who wrote:

Be still sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days be dark and dreary.

A grand life was Longfellow's, and he has provided for us abundant intellectual food for many a mental banquet.

Even in the stormy month of March we may make a few days bright; we find the sixth the most valuable stone in the casket, marking the birth of Michael Angelo, "the great Christian sculptor painter, architect, poet, great High Priest of modern art, whose apocalyptic conception and sublime revelations elevate him to that Olympus of rare men, where sit Homer and Milton, Dante and Shakespere, Plato and Newton, Phidias and Raphael." April has many memorial days for us to choose from. The third brings to mind Washington Irving, "father of American literature of whom Lowell writes:

"To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives,
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee, just—Irving."

The fourteenth, the anniversary of the first American newspaper *Boston News Letter*. Eleventh, the birthday of Thos. Jefferson; the 20th, that of Napoleon, both bright names on the annals of history; the 23d is celebrated in memory of the greatest genius England has produced, on whose name rests her chief literary glory, Wm. Shakespere. Here we find sublimity of thought, ideas grand, noble, and withal so wonderously beautiful and sweet. His character not pure as Milton's or Hawthorn's, his works contain some things perhaps that were better never written, be ter never read, but the man who wrote "Tongues in Trees," "Books in the Running Brooks," "Sermons in Stones," and "Good in Everything" has left a grand monument that will endure while the world exists.

May day, "the maddest merriest day of all the glad new year" sings the poet Laureate of England, is pleasantly observed by hanging May baskets; on that day the members of the "People's College" read the "Vision of Mirza" in memory of the author, one of England's bright essayists, Addison.—ELSIE.

A FEW WORDS TO SILK CULTURISTS.—If those ladies who raise a few silk worms will try my plan of preparing the cocoon I think we will find a large market at good prices for our cocoons at home. I have a method of dyeing the cocoon any shade or combination of color without destroying the beauty of the fabric. Then by using only the outer layer it can be cut or shaped into any form and used for lace, or embroidery of any kind, artificial flowers, applique, finished in Kensington painting; pomedour, patch or tufted work. It can be made nearly transparent or left heavy. The edges will never fray; yet it can be frayed if you wish it. Now this is what I propose for us all: When the worms are spinning, watch them, and when the shell is the right thickness—when it is firm without being thick—then clip it and draw out the worm, lay the worm in the fold of another cocoon and he will work again. Then when you have the new material to work with, try what beautiful things you can make of them and send the information to the HOUSEHOLD. If the Editor will give me space I will tell you all I know about it, and will tell you how to dye them for yarn, also how to use all the waste floss and cut cocoon for yarn. I hope you will help me in this work, for every one that sees the beautiful embroidery will want some of the material and one person cannot supply them all.—MRS. O. E. NEWMAN.

The HOUSEHOLD will be very glad to know more about the matter,—ED.

Inquiries.

Will some one give a good plan for raising celery and bleaching it.—NAIL CITY.

I would like a recipe for vinegar, and will someone please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD how to make pie plant jelly?—HATTIE.

In making bread what ingredients ought I to use to render it more spongy and moist. My bread is always light, but so dry. A few suggestions will be gratefully received.—ELLA.

Will "Lewis Boynton," whose article on catarrh appeared in the BLADE of April 24, please send his postoffice address to "L," Redwood Falls, Minn., Box 227? I wish to correspond with him.—L.

Will the lady who signed her name "Osage Orange" in the BLADE of April 3, please give her correct name and address to Miss Mary Sager, of Boyleston, Wayne Co., Ill.

I would like to ask a few questions, to be answered through the columns of the BLADE

First—Where can I procure sulphuret of barium, such as is used in removing superfluous hair? I have tried to get it in Ottumwa and in Keokuk, Iowa, and failed.

Second—Can it be sent through the mail?

Third—About how many applications of sulphuret of B. will be required to remove hair, and after it is removed will it grow again?—AN ADMIRER OF THE BLADE.

Ask your druggist to send for it for you. It is rarely kept in stock unless in very large establishments.

I do not know why it could not be sent through the mail.

The number of times it must be applied varies with individuals, like every thing else. It is *said* not to grow again, but we cannot tell you whether it will or not.—ED.

Will Emma Wallace please state through the HOUSEHOLD, her method of sheeting wax for flowers, and does it need to be whitened before using? what will material cost for an ordinary wreath.—E. MAY.

I am a young lady, and wish to be a companion of some nice lady with small family or none, For a home will help with work. Perhaps some of BLADE readers are in need of just such a person.—ANXIETY.

Anyone answering this must give an address to which "Anxiety" can write, as we cannot undertake to transmit letters.—ED.

Will silkworms live and do as well on wild mulberry leaves?—MISS EMMA DUNHAM, Bedford, Trimble County, Ky.

Will some one tell me what will take the black ink stains from my white cambric apron?—EVA E. BROGAN, (Box 70) Springdale, Ia.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please give a recipe to cook mushrooms?—BERTHA J. COBLE, Lockport, Ind.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please send me No. 52 of the BLADE of 1883 and No. 12 of 1884. I will return the postage, or repay the favor in any way I can. Perhaps the one that could send them would like to know something about this part of Minnesota where I live. Address—MRS. LUCY M. WRAY, Barnesville, Clay County, Minn.

We have a bedroom whose size is 11 feet 2 inches, by 9 inches; the wood work painted pure white; has two large windows. Now, we wish to have it newly papered and carpeted; also something done with the ceiling, which is white; will have dark furniture. Now what would be pretty? Please advise immediately as to color in carpet, paper, mats, etc.; also what kind of curtains, how to trim, etc.—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Put in some cool neutral tint for the body of the wall, such as a French gray, with a deep frieze of bright colors finished below it with a band of dark crimson. For the ceiling next to the frieze a filling of Pompeiian pink separated from the center by a gray colored border and a lining of the crimson. The body of the ceiling might be papered with a light pink or a ceiling paper to match the side walls. Light blue would be pretty. Or you might paper the walls with a light blue and a French gray ceiling, with same trimming as mentioned above. Get a carpet with small figures and considerable crimson in it. Madras curtains for the windows would be pretty hung upon poles, or, if you wanted to be more economical, you could make them of alternate strips of white muslin and colored lawn that will wash, the color to match the prevailing tint of the room. These are very pretty edged with broad lace, which you can get very cheap by sending to New York.—ED.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please tell me how to purl in knitting lace?—LILLIE HOWE.

Purl means seam, and you surely know how to do that.—ED.

Can any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD give a remedy for inflamation of the bladder?

If any one can furnish me the BLADE of 14th and 28th of February, and 6th and 13th of March, I will will send postage or give lace patterns.—MRS. E. R. BETTON, River Side, Ind.

Will some one send a recipe for sweetening rancid lard? Last year I put my lard up in stone jars, and it got so strong before Fall that I could not use it.—LAURA CLEMENTS.

Will you answer two questions? First—Would the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration" help me in fixing up a new house, which I want to have very pretty? Second—Does the book "Health and Beauty" give any hints about the care of the skin and the hair, and does it tell how to cure indigestion?—MRS. R. C., Wayne, Pa.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" would help you greatly in beautifying a new house. It is just what you need. And right here is a good place for a caution in regard to writing your address plainly should you send for it. It is sometimes almost impossible to make them out and books go astray in consequence,

"Health and Beauty" gives explicit directions for the care of the skin, hair, teeth, etc., and the plainest instructions in regard to indigestion. It tells you how to avoid many of the ills which renders life miserable. You will never be sorry should you purchase it and follow out the rules given there.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please tell G. M. H. to mend their plaster-paris images with white lead such as painters use. I found it to be very good, also good for dishes.—B. B.

As the BLADE does not do free advertising if E. C. B. will send address on a postla to me I will tell where ivy leaf molds can be bought.—MRS. B. S., Frankfort, Mich.

In the BLADE of April 24 appeared Little Gem Lace, and am sorry to say the 11th, 13th and 15th rows were omitted. They are as follows: 10th row same as second. 11th—k 11—o—n 3 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 1. 13th—k 2—o 2—n—k 6—o—n 3 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 1. 15th—k 3—o—n 3 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 1.—EMMA CHAPMAN.

In answer to "Kittie Clyde" of April 24, about the language of figures, will say that it has been used to a considerable extent here; it is as follows: "The figures from 1 to 26 inclusive, standing respectively for the letters from "a" to "z." Inclusive for "Ex" the figures "1, 2, 3, 4," etc., standing for the letters "a, b, c, d," etc.—KENALDO.

If "Betty Beeswax" will address Lock Box 68, Hutchinson, Kan., she will hear something to her advantage.—BOLIVAR.

Mrs. E. M. J. asks if paper will stick to walls that have been whitewashed. Yes, by first coating the walls with glue water made in proportion to 1 lb. of glue to 1 gal. of water, applied with a brush or any convenient way, then make your paste as you do for starch, only thicker; boil it well, and if lumpy, strain it. Then have your paper cut and matched and placed on the board with the back up, and with a brush (an old clothes brush will do, a whitewash brush,) put the paste on evenly and quick as you can, to prevent the paper from becoming so wet that you cannot handle without tearing, then take hold of the bottom of the paper and carry it nearly one-third of the length toward the top, as it lies on the board, and then half of this length back again, so that your paper will be less trouble to carry to the wall as it is made shorter by the folding; then place it on the wall and with a wide brush make your strokes from the center each way, and as for two women making a successful job of papering, my walls will testify that either one or two can. If "Mrs. L. Y. H." will take one pound of dry white lead, the same of dry red lead, one oz. of litharge, and enough Japan dryer to make this to the consistency of putty for an aquarium, she will find it good. I have had abundant experience with this on metal aquariums, never saw an aquarium made of wood.—MRS. L. J. BROWNELL, Lafayette, Ind.

"Maud S:" Pulverize loaf sugar fine and blind to the sore, and see if that won't cure the animal. If this fails, confine the horse and burn it out with a red hot iron, (this is an old Indian remedy, being severe but sure,) then doctor for the burn, and you have it. The best remedy for a burn is anything that will entirely exclude the air from it, pulverized charcoal, sufficient to exclude air, flour is also good, but is apt to form in hard lumps.

"Wm. Dale:" Millet seed will founder a horse the same as corn.

"George W. Wolf:" Japan clover, ever green millet and drouth proof grass are not the same.

"I. V. T.:" George W. Cox, of Jasper, Marion County, Tennessee, has elecampane, and I have no doubt if you will send him stamps to pay postage, and instructions how to send it, he will send you a few roots, it is too late or early for seeds. Tell him to grease a piece of common wrapping paper so as to exclude air, and wrap the roots in damp moss, then with the greased paper, then with strong paper or cloth, and then mail to your address.

"A Constant Reader:" If I had a good farm that was valuable, and some one was to plant an artichoke of any variety in the center of said farm, and I happened to pass at the time with a good shot-gun, well loaded, I would be tempted to plant a lead-mine in his carcass. You had better raise something else to feed hogs on.

"J. M. Barnett:" Feed no hay to the horse for 48 hours, and give only a pailful of water at a time. Then throw an armful of well cured smart-weed before him and let him eat all he will. In all cases where the lung cells are not broken down this will give great relief, if not permanently cure. Sunflower seeds, one or two quarts daily, is also said to be good. Always moisten his feed before giving it to him, and do not let him drink too much water at a time.

A. C. H.—My wife says: Make a batter of meal and warm sweet milk, set aside till sour, then mix in enough meal to make your cone; set it in an oven near the fire to rise, when it has risen sufficiently bake it slowly till done; then eat either hot or cold *ad libitum*. My wife makes mighty good bread but I can't induce her to write for the BLADE. She thinks one "crank" in a family is enough, and I guess she knows. Still she is very eager to hear what the BLADE correspondents have to say, especially Miss Bouton, and P. V. N. on the whisky question.—AMOS L. GRIFFITH.

Recipes.

Chicken or Veal Pot-pie.—I cook mine in a flat tin pan having another the same size to cover it tight. Get a piece of tin nearly as large as the bottom of pan, purferated like a steamer bottom, to prevent burning. Spread your meat on the bottom, having plenty of liquor over it while cooking; when ready to drop the dumplin in, pour off some of the gravy as the dough will be heavy if dropped in the water; stir a stiff batter as for biscuit using 1 pt. of sweet milk and water, 1 tablespoon even full of shortning, a pinch of salt and sift in the flour, 2 large teaspoonfuls of baking powder; drop the dough from a spoon over the meat, cover light and boil briskly for 20 minutes, when taken up, pour back the broth and thicken the gravy, straining through a little wire strainer; these are light and very nice.

To Bake Beans—Soak them over night or pour boiling water on them in the morning with a pinch of baking soda, pouring off the second water. I use fresh pork (rib roast) all the fat taken off or well trimmed; cook the meat in a separate pan, seasoning well with salt and pepper, cooking slowly three hours at least. When the beans are soft and nice pour them in with the meat. At 11 o'clock, put the meat in your dripper, have an onion chopped fine and stir in the beans with a half cup of flour, then pour all into the dripper, having them very moist; sprinkle a little brown sugar and red pepper over the top and brown. If rightly prepared they are delicious.

Pearl Tapioca Pudding.—One china tea cup nearly full of Tapioca soaked over night in cold water, drain the water off, if not all taken up add 1 qt. of milk, sugar to sweeten, a pinch of salt, small lump of butter and 2 or 3 eggs, bake slowly and be careful not to let it curdle; take from the oven while the center is creamy. This is a rule for all egg and milk pudding. Whole quarters of stewed apples dropped in this, when ready for the oven flavors it nicely; a cupful would be sufficient.—MRS. H. B. DICKINSON, Elmira, N. Y.

Layer Cake.—The cake par excellent now is a layer cake with chocolate and cocoanut mixed and put between the layers. Prepare the chocolate after any of the wellknown methods, add the grated coconut to it. No one can think, who has not tasted it, what a delectable morsel it is.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Cheap and Good Gingerbread.—1 cupful sour milk, 1 cupful molasses, ½ cupful butter, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, ginger and little cinnamon—flour to make consistency of common cake mixture; bake in moderate oven.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Cream Cake.—6 eggs, 2 cupfuls sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 6 tablespoonfuls water, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda; flavor with vanilla; bake in layers. For the cream: 1 pt. milk, when it boils add 2 tablespoonfuls starch, little butter, 1 cupful sugar, 2 eggs, flavor with vanilla, spread between each layer.—N. E. K.

Light Corn Bread.—A. C. H.: You wished for a recipe for making light corn bread such as your mother used to make. This is the way my mother used to manufacture what was termed light corn loaves to be eaten cold and could be kept over Sunday. Take meal according to the size you wish your loaf; scald half of it with boiling water; then add enough cold water to form a batter, just soft enough to handle nicely, then salt. Shorten and put in 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses. Let it stand about 6 or 8 hours, then bake in a deep pan or a baking kettle, which is better, for 3 or 4 hours.—MRS. J. B. PHILLIPS.

To Prepare Lettuce.—Wash carefully and squeeze the water out with your hand; lay in dish; sprinkle on a little salt; into a skillet put 2 tablespoonfuls of meat fryings, let get hot; mix ½ teacupful of vinegar with ½ teacupful of good sour cream; pour into skillet and stir briskly until it boils; pour over lettuce and serve. Will the lady that told how to make wax flowers please send directions for sheeting wax?—AUNT BETTIE, Edwards Station, Ill.

Nice Dish for Tea.—When you are busy and have not time to cook much, try the following: Place 2 qts. of milk in a clean saucepan and set on the stove to boil; in the meantime rub 1 egg in a scant pint of flour with a tablespoonful of salt until fine. When the milk boils add the flour. Stir and boil one minute. Turn out in a dish. If you wish, use butter, sugar and cream over it. This is good hot or cold. I sometimes use more milk and make a soup of it, which is good. A nice dish for tea. Try and report.

Apple Roll.—Make a rich biscuit dough roll out ¼ inch thick, spread with nicely stewed apples well mashed and seasoned; roll up and place in a pan in the oven, cover it with some of the apples which should be like preserves, and bake from one half to three-quarters of an hour, according to size. Serve with butter and sugar.—MAY-HA-LA.

Rhubarb Fritters.—Pare and cut into small pieces a half-dozen stalks of rhubarb. Then make a batter by beating to a smooth paste 1 pt. of flour with ½ pt. of water, adding a pinch of salt, 1 pt. of milk and 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir the rhubarb into this batter. Have your frying mixture boiling not in the frying-pan and drop the batter in by spoonfuls patting them down a little with the spoon and keeping them separate. Fry the same as you would other fritters, and when done to a bright yellowish brown on both sides, drain and serve with butter and sugar over each, together with a little grated nutmeg.

Cocoanut Sauce for Puddings.—Take the finely-grated white part of a cocoanut. Dissolve its weight in sugar in a cupful of water. Then boil the grated cocoanut gently in this water, stirring until done, and press through a sieve. Then add the beaten yolk of an egg mixed with a cupful of rich cream. Put the mixture again on the fire for a minute or two, but be careful not to let boil after the egg is added, or it may curdle.—CATERER.

Salve for Sores.—I would like to have you print a recipe known by long use to cure fever sores, ulcers of all kinds, putrid erysipelas, and is the best thing to keep in the house for general use for all cuts or bruises. Cures always without fail. I am never without it. One pound of sweet oil, 1 lib of white lead, 14 oz. of beeswax, 2 oz. of red precipitate. Place your oil and beeswax in a basin, heat together, then add white lead, stirring with a small spoon until mixed, then take off and keep stirring until warm, then stir in the Red Precipitate; mix quite thoroughly. In using, put on a good thick plaster, and when you dress the sore take the plaster in a wash-basin of cold water and with your hands wash it clean, then apply the same as first. If "Embreez" will use it for his horse will it cure it without fail.—MRS I. K.

Cure for Jaundice.—Apple brandy 1½ gals. or 1 qt. of alcohol; dilute about one half with water; add a quantity of dogwood bark, the more the better. A good swallow six times a day.—A. W. WILLSON, Western,

Our Young Folks.

THE COAST-GUARD.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Do you wonder what I am seeing,
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
With a Summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand.
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain.
From the shores of Carolina,
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a ship wrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the crack of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the Captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in his hand!

—*St. Nicholas for March.*

THE EMPEROR'S GOLDEN PIPPINS.

BY ELIOT M'CORMICK.

Whether the pippins were called golden because they were yellow or because they were precious I do not know.

I do not know, either, whether the Emperor was really fond of them. The forester said that he was; and every Autumn, or rather every other Autumn—for the tree only bore fruit once in two years—the apples were picked, and sent off to the royal palace at Berlin. Around Friedmansdorf nobody doubted that the Emperor ate every one, not sharing them even with the Empress Augusta or the royal grandchildren.

As the apples grew large and ripe the forester's sons, Fritz and Paul, watched them by day and night, turn and turn about with Bismarck, their great dog. No one could steal the apples, Fritz declared, so

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Carp.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Last week in an issue of the BLADE I noticed an article on carp. Most of the items are correct. From experience, however, let me say, keep clear of carp. Why? Its habits are beyond it; its food the offal of the kitchen, its eating qualities poor, and like its country companions, the Dutch sparrow, a poor substitute for our own native fish or bird. Further, the pond must be shallow, and if stagnant the better. It is a great coward; it retreats and hides in the mud at the approach of any strange fish. No. Have your pond at least seven feet deep. The water will then clear itself, it keeps cool and remains healthy. Stock it with either black bass or croppie. The bass gain a pound a year; they stop growing at 8 lbs. The croppie gains ½ lb a year, they cease growing at 2 lbs. As to flavor, firmness of meat, cleanliness and healthy food, epicures give the bass and croppie the first award. There is great sport in catching them. Their chief food is minnows, but in July and August the frog and crawfish prove good bait.

Clear, deep water for fish—the pen for the hog. Very respectfully, R. C. WEST. Belleville, Ill.

Seedy Toe in Horses.

Prof. Wortley Axe of the Royal Veterinary College has started a totally new idea of the nature of the disease in the horse's foot known as seedy toe. While examining some of the broken-up horny matter which forms the contents of the cavity in the wall of the foot affected, Mr. Axe found immense numbers of extremely minute nematode worms, male and female, portions of the worms, ova in abundance, and dead and living embryos. The male worm is provided with a very strong boring tooth or spike, and by the aid of this instrument the creature could easily cut up the horn. In some cases of seedy toe no worms can be found, and the point can only be determined by the microscopic examination of a large number of specimens. The worms are about one-thirtieth of an inch in length.

Corn Culture.

One of the chief drawbacks to early corn growth is in not working the soil soon enough after planting. The custom is to keep out of the field until the corn is large enough to work. Usually a crust forms upon the surface before the ground is harrowed, and this crust shuts the air away from the soil, and there is no circulation of the elements that, with the fertility, help along the growth, and the corn, with its clay collar on, is actually choked to the point of death, and often does die from this very cause; but it is attributed as a rule to invisible enemies. Corn land should be picked up and cleared of stones, stumps, brush and logs, so that a fine toothed harrow can be run over the ground after planting, and this surface soil can be kept loose and mellow. If the crop is put in with a planter, there is no danger of one sprout in 100 being injured by the drag. No cultivator or plan of cultivation so perfectly does the work of early corn culture as does a light, shallow, tooth harrow, and nearly in proportion to the ground becoming hard, but in keeping down weed growth, and the rapidity of cultivation, taking as it does a 10-foot width across the field, enables rapidity of execution, and doing the work just when it needs it, and doing it at that time often saves one-half of the after labor of attendance, and at the same time augments the yield of the crop.

The Value of Grass.

Grass is indispensable on all well-regulated farms, and in its direct money value and in its collateral and indirect benefits, says the *N. C. Farmer*, it is worth more to the world than all the cereal crops combined. Its direct is nothing in comparison to its indirect value in the influence it has in preserving the fertility of our farms by its immense wealth in all farms. No man can thrive on a farm, no farm can be self-supporting, where grass is wholly neglected or advantage is not taken of stock raised on the grass farms. It is supposed by many that only such soil as is not fit for cultivation in the cereals or roots should be devoted to grass. This is a mistake. We can afford to take our best soils for the production of this grass, and this is the real plan for bringing them up to the highest point of fertility.

Corn and Oats for Horses.

Corn is deficient in many of the elements of nutrition so necessary for recuperating the constant wear and tear which necessarily takes place in the body of the living animal. On this account, horses which are exclusively fed on corn and hay do not receive that kind of nourishment which appears necessary for the maintenance and vitality of the animal fabric; hence, we must not be surprised that corn-fed horses show evidence of being languid, by sweating profusely while being worked, lack of vitality, etc. Oats, on the contrary, contain more of the essential elements of nutrition than any other article of food, which can be fed with impunity to horses, and are decidedly the most nutritious. They are used because there is less risk in feeding them, and experience has proved that horses properly fed on oats and timothy hay, with regular exercise, good grooming and proper sanitary regulations, can be brought to the highest state of physical culture, and can perform more work with less evidence of fatigue than when fed on any other article of food.

Use the Cultivator.

The use of the cultivator not only loosens the soil, thus admitting the free circulation of air and penetration of moisture, but keeps the grass and weeds from securing a foothold. Every blade of grass is compelled to draw on the soil for plant food, and when occupying the ground intended for crops it becomes a matter of competition for occupancy of the soil between the crop and the grass. Weeds are especially severe on land, as the majority of them are exceedingly rich in nitrogenous material, thereby appropriating that element at the expense of the crop.

The cultivator is used freely, beginning at the period when the plants first make their appearance, the ground will always be in a fine condition, and the vexations incidental to the baking of the soil thereby avoided.

Superphosphate of Lime.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer tells how to make superphosphate of lime: Take a large tub or barrel, and put into it 100 lbs. water; add, very slowly and cautiously, 45 lbs. of pure sulphuric acid. You must be very careful while handling this article not to let it touch your skin, for it will instantly blacken the skin and destroy the clothing wherever it comes in contact, and when mixed with water it engenders a very intense heat. Into this mixture throw 100 lbs. weight of bones, no matter how old or useless they may be. The sulphuric acid attacks and gradually enters into combination with the bones, reducing them to a pasty consistence, and completely dissolving them. Keep the liquor and turn them over occasionally while the process is going on, and when completed dump out the whole contents on the barn floor or on a platform of boards, and thoroughly work into the mass four times its bulk of dry log earth or dry road dust; mix and pulverize completely with a wooden shovel. The log earth acts as an absorbent or dryer, retaining the fertilizing properties of the bones, and rendering it of uniform distribution. If whole bones are used, it will take six or eight weeks to dissolve them. If they are broken with an ax, they will dissolve in about three weeks. If they are ground in a bone mill, four days will be sufficient. This manure is the most powerful fertilizer in existence, and when made by the directions is the cheapest, as a ton is equal to 8 tons of pulverized manure phosphoric acid. For top-dressing grass lands, use 300 lbs. per acre; for corn, potatoes, beans turnips, etc., apply 450 lbs per acre in the drill, mixing with the soil. For wheat, rye, oats or barley 400 lbs per acre. Harrow in with the seed. For buckwheat, 300 lbs. per acre.

When to Have the Cows Come In.

When it is best to have the cows drop their calves depends very much upon circumstances. Where only two or three cows are kept, for home use, it is well to have them drop their calves at different times, to insure a constant supply of both milk and butter. Where the cows are well fed during Winter, and the butter the main object, it is well to have the cows come in fresh in November, so they will be in their heaviest flow of milk during the Winter months. When they commence to run down in their supply of milk, the grass comes along to increase the flow and thus prolong the profit. Where the object is to raise the calves, we consider it more desirable to have the calves dropped in the early Spring, so they can, when old enough, have season on grass to push them forward as rapidly as possible the first year of their existence.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Will some of your readers who raises sheep, please give me the ingredients of a wash for sheep that will cure the scab—one that has been tried successfully? Also, what kind of wash can be applied to fruit trees to prevent sheep from gnawing the bark?—J. W. T.

Farm Notes.

The judicious use of the harrow will save 10 times the labor required in its use.

Everything on a farm is valuable. The compost heap is the farmer's saving bank.

Scab on the legs of fowls may be removed by an occasional greasing with sulphur and lard.

Give the fowl house a good cleaning and the birds will rid themselves of vermin with the dust bath.

Ex-Pres. Hoffman, of the Elmira Farmer's Club, says that he "wants no grain, except corn, planted over half-an-inch deep."

The Plymouth Rocks and Brahmas are well adapted to cold climates, as they are heavily feathered. The same may be said of the Cochins.

The frequent use of the cultivator is a secret in corn culture. The soil need not be stirred deep, but should be kept clean and the surface loose.

As the weather becomes warmer the water used for drinking must be changed often. Fowls appreciate plenty of cool water in Summer.

Movable chicken coops for the hens and broods, are just the thing. They prevent the earth from being contaminated, keep the broods clean, and promote thrift.

Whitewash with a little carbolic acid in it is a very disagreeable compound for lice, and, consequently, if you do not wish to annoy the vermin just leave off the whitewash.

Wheat seeding is already in progress in Southern Minnesota and Dakota, a week in advance of last year. There will be a substantial increase in the acreage in the Territory.

In the House of Representatives, at Washington, favorable reports have been made on bills to permit fruit-growers to manufacture brandy without the payment of tax.

The appearance of the farm buildings add much to the attractions and value of a farm. Whitewash covers many imperfections and gives an air of neatness. System cleanliness, and every part of the building kept in repair makes an old farm look new.

A cow that produces only half a pound of butter per day will cost as much for its keep as one that produces two pounds. This difference in a herd of 15 or 20 cows is sufficient to large to make all the difference to a farmer's family between poverty and wealth.—*Rural Canadian.*

One of the sources from which spring many troubles is the fence corner. If nothing else will reach it try the hoe. It is much better to spend a small proportion of the time at the source of danger than to be constantly at work endeavoring to eradicate the weeds which are fostered and nourished from the fence corners.

According to the *Rural Home*, the red kidney bean stands up better than the white, so that the pods are less liable to be covered with soil during tillage, which causes them to rot. They are more easily cured than the white kinds. If they become weather-beaten or soiled in curing, it does not effect their marked value, as that of white beans is affected by the same cause.

Most Western corn growers fully understand why the crop failed last year; late planting, poor seed, seed grown in a wrong latitude and early frosts. They can not hasten the advent of Spring, or put off Autumn frosts, but they will be likely to see to the seed part of the business this year. It will take at least three or four good corn crops to render them again confidence in this matter; after that the forgetful may again look out for a darn failure.

Poisoned.

Thousands of persons are poisoned in America by the continued use of Mercury, Iodide of Potassium and other minerals, for various diseases. The Mercury works its way into the tissues, producing rheumatism and decay of the bones. The Iodide of Potassium eats away the coating of the stomach, and dries up the gastric juices which digest the food, and the patient lingers along in misery or is glad to die to get away from misery. Swift's Specific is a complete antidote to all this poison. It eliminates Mercury from the system, removes the evil effects of Iodide of Potassium, and brings back health and happiness. Send your address for a copy of Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

The Car Window.

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car, the other day, "now I can breathe. The air in this car is stifling. Why don't they have better ventilation? If I couldn't sit next to an open window I believe I should certainly die!" Presently a slender female sitting directly back leaned over and asked her if she wouldn't just as leave close that window now, as the draft was more than she could stand. "No, madam, I shall not close this window. I could not live with it down. I was just thinking how delightful it was with it open, and now you want it shut, but I shall not shut it; so there. "Then you are a selfish thing, and I shall have to change my seat." Just then a gentleman sitting close by reached over and said, "Ladies, that window being raised makes no difference, as the car has double windows, and not a breath of air can possibly get through the one that is still down." Then the one that raised the window turned to the other, and with a crushed look on her face said, "Madam, I beg your pardon, but I think two fools have met at last."—*Buffalo Times.*

"IN A VERY WEAK CONDITION, SINKING FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION."

A patient in Mississippi gives this account of a "marvellous change" wrought in her condition:

"Last December I received your Compound Oxygen. *I was in a very weak condition, sinking from nervous prostration.* I commenced its use immediately, leaving off everything else. And *what a marvellous change* it wrought in a *few weeks!* So rapidly did I improve that neighbors and friends who had been familiar with my complaints for several years *are still full of wonder at my recovery.*"

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free.* Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

Rest for the Sin-Sick Soul.

Writing of the Trappists at Gethsemane, Ky., a correspondent says: "When a monk dies no useless coffin encloses his breast, but, wrapped in his circular, with his cowl drawn over his head as in life, he is buried. Each grave is covered with myrtle and has a black wooden cross bearing the name of the cell's dusty inmate. At the foot of each grave is a little stool, where the father who conducts you kneels to pray for the soul of the departed. At the end of the row is a new, open grave, which will receive the next body, and which constantly helps the father to 'remember death.' There are no qualifications for the Trappist Order. Any man who will obey the rules may stay seven years, giving his labor to the community and his thought to God; if he does not like it then, may withdraw. If he concludes to stay he takes the perpetual vow. The sin sick and the weary are all here. Few desert, while many have been for years buried to the world and all its convulsions. Some of them do not know who is President, and the echo of Guiteau's pistol shot died at the outer walls. The abbey contains a fine library of religious works, among which is a Bible printed at Lyons in 1532."

Our New Hampshire Mariner.

Perhaps the most cautious man in America is Bill Chandler, the Secretary of our Naval Department. He is so dreadfully foxy that he even cuts off his tail two or three times a day in the hope of deceiving folks into the notion that he isn't a fox at all. He wakes up in the night and sweats all over for fear he may have talked in his sleep, and ever since the Presidential campaign opened he has declined to participate in family prayers lest he may tell the Lord something he doesn't want Him to know. Last week he became so distrustful of himself that he went before a police magistrate and had himself put under $500 bonds to keep the peace.—*Chicago News.*

The Sunday School.

Christian Liberty.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1884.

Golden Text—Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. —Gal. 5: 1.

LESSON TEXT.

Gal. 4: 1-16.

1. Now I say that the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all;

2. But is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father.

3. Even so we when we were children, were in bondage under the elements of the world.

4. But when the fulness of the time was come God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law.

5. To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

6. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father.

7. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.

8. Howbeit then, when ye knew not God, ye did service unto them which by nature are no gods.

9. But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage.

10. Ye observe days and months, and times, and years.

11. I am afraid you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain.

12. Brethren, I beseech you, be as I am; for I am as ye are; ye have not injured me at all.

13. Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel unto you at the first.

14. And my temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected, but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus.

15. Where is then the blessedness ye spake of? for I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me.

16. Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

So long as the heir is a child, he differeth nothing from a bond servant, though he is lord of all (v. 1.) There is a bondage of the present which hampers and limits the heir of the richest inheritance. And a forgetfulness of this bondage is likely to make even the best founded expectations a snare to their possessor. The sole heir to a large estate can occupy only the rooms assigned to him by his parents, and spend only the limited allowance granted to him by parents or guardians. Yet he often finds that more is expected of him because of what he has—in expectation; and he is naturally tempted to do what others think he ought to do, instead of confining himself to what he prope ly can do. Then comes the danger of running in debt on the strength of future possessions, with all the added bondage of usurious money-lenders. No other danger in ordinary business equals that of forgetting the limitations of the present, in contrast with the larger freedom of the possible future. Unless a man realizes the bondservice of his present limitations in his ability to do or to give, he is liable to be ruined because of what he counts as in store for him. This is true in the spiritual sphere as in the material one. We are heirs of glory, but we are yet in the bondage of the flesh. Woe to us if we forget our present bondage!

Thou art no longer a bondservant, but a son; and if a son then an heir (v. 7.) The privileges of sonship and of heirship are many and great; but they not the privileges of supreme or independent rule. A son need not feel himself in slavish bondage in his father's service. His father loves him. His father plans for him. He knows that everything which his father has, or which his father does includes a loving purpose for the father's children and heirs. He knows, moreover, that his father requires or expects of him nothing more than his loving fidelity. There is no slavish bondservice here. But the son has limitations in the freedom. His father's interests and his father's good name are linked in with the son's well-doing. The son is in duty bound to be a loving faithful son; and so to prove worthy of his sonship and his heirship. Christian liberty is the liberty of loving God without fear or limitation, and of living in godly fear of dishonoring the name of the loved and loving Father, by going beyond the bounds and limitations of eternal sonship and heirship.

I am afraid lest by any means I have bestowed labor upon you in vain (v. 11.) The real success of our best work in behalf of any person for whom we have a care and a responsibility, is in question until its result is known in the life and character of him for whom we have toiled and prayed. A parent must watch his or her child with loving anxiety through all the years before it is fairly known whether by any means all the untiring parental labor has been bestowed upon that child in vain. So it is with the faithful teacher's watching, in hope and fear over the scholars of his class. So, again, with the loving pastor and his flock. So with every guardian and overseer of a loved personal charge. So, in a sense, we may consider it to be with our loving Savior as he watches our unfolding career. He who wept over Jerusalem in heart-breaking sorrow because of the failure of all of His self-sacrificing purposes and endeavors in behalf of that object of His affectionate longings, cannot but be anxious lest He should fail to see in our salvation the satisfying travail of His soul. It is for us to say whether that which has been done for us by Christ and by the loving representatives of Christ, shall by any means prove to be labor bestowed in vain.

Am I become your enemy, because I tell you the truth? (v. 16.) Well, that's a fair question! However it was with the Galatians in the first century, there have been a great many enemies made among European and American Christians in our day, through the faithful telling of the truth. It is never right, hence it is never safe, to tell anything but the truth. Yet it is not always right, hence not always safe, to tell the whole truth, even short of all that might be said truly. Moreover when the truth ought to be spoken in plainness and in love, and is so spoken, it is many times a cause of enmity on the part of one to whom it is spoken, against the one who declares it faithfully. It is a pity that this must be admitted as a fact; but it is a reality in spite of its being a pity. And now, as a practical lesson, in view of this fact, what shall we count our personal duty? We may make enemies by speaking the truth when we had no right to speak it. It is a very common fault of coarse grained and unloving natures, to speak the truth plainly and needlessly, and then console themselves with the thought that they are a good deal like Paul because they are hated as he was. Their example ought to be a warning to us. On the other hand, there are those who are counted as enemies because of plain truth-speaking, when it is their duty to tell the truth, and they told it reluctantly, and in a loving spirit of tenderness and fidelity. And then console themselves with the reminder to us that we don't alone if we make enemies through our highest exhibit of well-doing. And, however it may be with others, we should see to it that we never count another an enemy because of his truth speaking, when truth-speaking was his duty, and he spoke the truth in a kindly spirit and in an affectionate manner.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

NORMAL MUSIC SCHOOL in College of Music building, Defiance, O. July 8th to August 1st. Special term. Low rates. Apply for circulars now.

Women's Trades Unions.

Among the various Trades Unions in England there are several composed wholly of women. Any competent workwoman can be admitted to any of them on the recommendation of two members. An entrance fee of 25 cents, a weekly subscription of five cents toward the benefit fund and six cents per quarter to the management fund entitle a member to receive benefits. When out of work or disabled by sickness, she receives $1.50 per week. On the death of a member a levy of 12 cents per member is made and paid to the nominee of the deceased member, or other person legally entitled. In 1874 the female bookbinders formed the first Union. At present the upholsterers, the shirt and collar makers, the sewing machinists, dressmakers and milliners all have their societies. Far from being troublesome Unionism is favorable to all; to the woman, because it assures assistance in case of ill health and when out of employment; to the employers, because they can rely on the efficiency of a workwoman belonging to a Union.

For Ten Cents.

The St. Louis Magazine, now in its fifteenth year, brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. $1.50 a year. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address C. Gilmore, 213 North Eighth street, St. Louis. The WEEKLY BLADE and this magazine sent one year for $1.75.

News of the Week

THE NEW BISHOPS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 15.—G. W. Parker, of the St. Louis Conference, offered a resolution that the Government be requested to take steps toward preventing the practice of polygamy in the Territories. Referred.

The tellers appointed to conduct the election for Bishops reported as the result of the first ballot, no choice. Whole number of votes cast, 407; necessary to a choice, 204; Rev. W. X. Ninde received 187 and J. M. Walden 167.

On the second ballot these two gentlemen were chosen, the former receiving 272 votes, the latter 214. Rev. Mr. Ninde is of the Detroit Conference, and President of the Garrett Biblical Insitute. Dr. Walden is of the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati.

The third ballot resulted in the choice of Rev. Wm. F. Mallalieu, D. D.

Fourth ballot—C. A. Fowler, 194; J. H. Vincent, 174; no election.

Another ballot was taken, and the Conference took a recess.

The General Conference met in the evening to welcome fraternal delegates from the South and the church in Canada.

The Bishop announced the result of the fifth ballot for the fourth Bishop as follows: Whole number of votes cast, 366; necessary to a choice, 184; Fowler, 212; Vincent, 155. Dr. Fowler was therefore elected. This completes the number of new Bishops.

Rev. Mallalieu, elected Bishop, is Presiding Elder of the Boston district of the New England Conference, and Rev. Fowler a member of the Rock River Conference and Missionary Secretary of the General Missionary Society, office in New York.

Dr. Walden was born in Warren County, O., in 1831. In 1852 he graduated from Farmers' College, College Hill, O., and immediately afterward settled in Cincinnati, where he has since made his home. He has been 16 years in charge of the Western branch of the Methodist Book Concern.

Rev. Ninde has had charge of the Central Methodist Church in Detroit for some years, and is connected with some of the leading families in that City. He has also had a charge in Cincinnati, and is one of the most eloquent and able of the cotemporary lights of Methodism.

Pension Matters—A New Bill to be Introduced.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The House Committee on Invalid Pensions unanimously agreed to report favorably the bill increasing pensions, prepared by Rep. Matson as a substitute for a bill of a similar character. The substitute provides that all persons on or hereafter placed on the pension roll, who, while in the military or naval service of the United States have lost an arm or leg, shall be entitled to a pension of $40 per month, and those who have lost a hand or foot to $30 per month, and if they have received a wound or other disability in addition thereto, shall receive a pension of $50 per month; and all persons who have a leg amputated at the hip, and all persons who lost an arm at the shoulder joint shall be entitled to a pension of $50 per month; and all persons who lost an arm and leg shall be entitled to a pension of $72 per month.

The House Committee on Military Affairs instructed Representative Rosecrans to appear before the House Committee on Appropriations and recommend a provision be inserted in the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill, by which the duties now performed by special examiners of the pension office shall be performed by retired officers of the army, who shall receive full pay instead of the three-fourths pay attaching to their rank in active service.

Alaska Territory—An Opening for Retired Politicians.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The Alaska bill, passed by the House to-day, provides that the Territory of Alaska shall constitute a civil and judicial district, the temporary seat of government of which is established at Sitka. A Governor shall be appointed, with authority to see that the laws enacted for the District are enforced, and who shall be ex-officio commander-in-chief of the militia, with power to call out the posse comitatus for the due execution of law. A District Court is established, which shall hold at least two terms each year, one at Sitka, the other at Wrangel. A Clerk, District Attorney and Marshal are also provided for, and authority given for the appointment of four Commissioners, with powers of jurisdiction of Commissioners of United States Circuit Courts. The general laws of the State of Oregon are declared to be the laws of the district, so far as the same may be applicable. Officers shall be appointed for a term of four years, and receive the following salaries: Governor, $3,000; District Attorney, $2,500; Marshal, $2,500; Judge, $3,000; Clerk, $2,500.

The bill now only requires the signature of the President to become a law.

A New Detail of Soldiers for the Garfield Tomb.

CLEVELAND, May 19.—With to-day ends the work of guarding the Garfield tomb for the detachment of 12 men from the Tenth United States Infantry, the majority of whom have been stationed there since the fall of the year. They have now received orders transferring the command from Ft. Wayne, Detroit, where it has been stationed, to Fort Bliss, N. M., part of it, however, going to Texas.

The Twenty-fifth United States Infantry will take its place, 12 members of a company of which arrived Saturday, and will to-day go into camp in Lake View. They have but recently arrived from New Mexico, and their light-weight white helmets would signify that they had been where the sun is hot. The detachment will be under the command of a Second Lieutenant of the Twelfth Infantry.

He Will Earn His Pension.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 16.—The fact that Capt. W. R. Andrews, of Sumter County, S. C., aged 93 years on the 4th of July next, left his home at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday, May 7, for a journey to Boston on foot, has been telegraphed. Capt. Andrews' departure was attended by no demonstration, but all who saw him gave him a hearty grasp of the hand, bade him Godspeed, and promised him a welcome return. The Captain took with him such articles as were necessary, together with the ever-faithful and inseparable dog which followed his footsteps. The route which he will take is a familiar one to him, as he has twice before traversed it in going to and returning from Boston. Capt. Andrews is a survivor of the war of 1812. He takes with him a statement setting forth his services to the country, age, etc., signed by more than a hundred responsible citizens. When he arrives in Washington he will present this document in petitioning for his pension.

Charles O'Conor's Gift to Nantucket.

NANTUCKET, May 14.—Among the last acts of the late Charles O'Conor, was to pay the town debt of Nantucket, but his aversion to public notice was so great that the business was done through the firm of E. W. Ferry & Co., who were under the strictest injunctions not to tell who the donor was, certainly not before the next annual meeting in 1885. His death has removed the bar to secresy. Recently O'Conor went to New York to consult Dr. Keyes, his physician, and probably then learned his physical condition, for on his return various additions were made to his will. Various gifts also were made, among which was this gift to the town. His two nephews, Dr. Sloane and J. O'Conor Sloane, New York, and Miss Melainly, his adopted daughter, will doubtless inherit the bulk of his property. His fine library is going to Dr. Sloane, who is a lawyer of great merit in New York,

Wisconsin's Diamond Field.

MILWAUKEE, May 15.—A rumor was current to-day that two other large diamonds had been found in the diggings near Eagle, in this State. The report was only partially true. Mr. Boynton informed a correspondent that one small diamond of the same shape but lighter in color, and a half carat in weight, had been found. The stone was exhibited and found to be several shades lighter. The stone was found last Friday, in the same hole as the first one, at a depth of 20 feet. The shaft had been sunk down 40 feet. If a stratum of gravel similar to that in which the other stones were found should be struck, it was the plan to stone up the shaft and then drift in either direction from the main shaft. The discovery of the new stone has raised the price of diamond stock considerably.

Minneapolis Flour Production.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 16.—The tumble in wheat the past week has had the effect of making local millers feel a little blue, but they hold their flour firm and feel confident that a better market must prevail before long. The flour production last week showed something of a loss, being 100,200 barrels, 17,800 barrels per day, against 109,500 barrels the preceding week. This week there are six mills shut down, but out of these only one has run very regularly of late, leaving 12 mills in operation. The latter are not running very strong, but the week's work will no doubt amount to 100,000 barrels or over. The wheat in store in Minneapolis elevators May 14 was 2,146,000, as against 2,223,500 bushels May 7.

The Week's Failures.

NEW YORK, May 16.—Failures the last seven days, as reported by Dun & Co., in the United States, 182; Canada, 27; total, 209, an increase of 18.

WALL STREET FAILURES.

Following the collapse of the Marine Bank and the failure of Grant & Ward, came a panic in Wall street which for a time threatened to eclipse the famous "Black Friday." Bogert & Co., heavy dealers in commercial paper, were among the first to go down; then followed the failure of Hatch & Foote, and vague rumors of bank defalcations. The result was a run on different banks and a wild scene of excitement on the Stock Exchange. Sec. Folger, who happened to be in the City, telegraphed to Washington, ordering the immediate payment of the 127th call for bonds. The closing of the Metropolitan Bank, George I. Seney, President, threw everything into confusion again. It was reported that Seney's son-in-law had fled, and that the great philanthrophist himself was a bankrupt.

The first story told large depositors, who arrived breathless and indignant, was that the suspension was ordered by Sehey, in order to prevent a run for which the bank might not be prepared. It was said by Mr. Seney that if matters quieted down in the afternoon the bank might open in time for some business to be done next day. This promise was accepted by the group of depositors as of small comfort, and after 12 o'clock a crowd of nearly 100 persons gathered in front of the bank and bewailed the prospective loss of deposits. Two women who had drafts upon the bank were in tears upon the bottom steps. Among the depositors, who appeared to know anything about the suspension, it was said the immediate cause was a demand for more than a half million by the Clearing House to make good its accounts. The railroad speculations of Pres. Seney is generally supposed to be the real cause of the suspension. Mr Seney is President of the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad, the stock of which was selling at five cents for common and nine for preferred. Large blocks of this stock were bought less than a year ago, it is supposed for the account of Seney, at 11 or 12 for common and 24 for preferred. The stock has been sinking ever since, notwithstanding constant support from what is known as the Seney syndicate. Ohio Central is supposed to be another of Seney's favorite stocks, upon which large sums were lost in sustaining stock.

Seney immediately resigned the Presidency of the Bank, and has since turned over the most of his property in New York and Brooklyn.

The next prominent failures were the firms of Dimock & Co., and Fiske & Hatch. The latter gentleman was President of the Stock Exchange. The immediate effect of the latter failure was a sharp decline in Government securities, in which they were large dealers. There was no rational reason for the decline in Government bonds, but everybody seemed to have lost their senses. Fiske & Hatch failed during the panic of 1873, but resumed shortly. The Clearing House Committee met and perfected arrangements by which the different banks could have money to meet runs. This had the effect to restore confidence, and when the Metropolitan Bank resumed payment the next day there were but few in line demanding money. By Friday the excitement had nearly subsided, and Saturday everything appeared to be moving along in the old way.

The United States Senate took cognizance of the situation, and Sen. Cullum introduced the following bill:

Be it enacted, etc., That it shall be unlawful for the President, Cashier, Teller or other chief executive officers of any National Banking Association having a capital stock to the amount of $200,000 or more, to deal, trade or otherwise engage in speculation in stock, bonds or other securities, or in grain, provisions, produce or oil on margins, on his own individual account, or for his own personal profit, either directly or indirectly, or to have any partnership or other financial interest in the operations of any private banking or brokerage firm or business. Any such officer who violates the provisions of this act, or any person who aids or abets such officer in violating the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned not less than one year nor more than five years, or fined not more than $10,000.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE For Women and Children.

Dr. JOS. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convelescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

Hotel on Fire.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Fire broke out at Willard's Hotel this morning. It originated in a room in the basement, just north of the main office, and the flames, running between the floors, reached the main part of the building, then the coal elevator, and up through the house. Dense volumes of smoke soon began to pour through the building, and became stifling. Boarders were seen hurriedly packing their valuables together, some fastening the boxes, others assisted by servants hauling their baggage down stairs. At the extreme northwest corner of the sixth story appeared a colored boy and three servant girls, who were entirely cut off by the smoke from the stairways. They remained at the windows and kept their heads clear until ladders were raised for their escape.

At the north side of the building a fireman took two servant girls out of the topmost window, and a man from the third story. A gentleman named Post, from Chicago, who was sick in in bed, was carefully removed. On the second floor all was hurry and confusion. Colored employes, with handkerchiefs tied over their mouths, came through the ladies' exit, dragging such trunks as they could reach, and a great many valuables were saved in this way from injury. From the portico on the Fourteenth street side the streets were filled with clothing tumbled to the ground and taken care of, and those who remained came to the ground by means of ladders, which were furnished in abundance. While the smoke was pouring out from nearly every part of the building the familiar figure of Mr. Joslyn, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, appeared at one of the Fourteenth street windows, carefully carrying three ladies' hats, which he dropped safely to the ground, amid the cheers of the crowd.

When the smoke first grew very thick a gentleman appeared at one of the west window openings on the alley. He had evidently just got up, having been awakened by the noise and confusion. He quietly went to work to dress and make his toilet, and when completed, packed his grip sack, and, resting it on the window sill, waited patiently without saying a word until a ladder was hoisted for his relief. There was quite a panic among the guests; but all reached the street in safety.

The damage by fire is small, but the hotel was pretty well deluged with water, and the loss from this cause and smoke will probably reach $15,000.

At the F street corner the spectators were very much interested in watching Col. Morrison, Representative from Illinois, rescuing his papers and personal property from the supposed impending destruction. When the first alarm came Col. Morrison seized a large trunk and flung it out the window on F street, the trunk bursting as it rebounded from the brick pavement. He then descended to the street, and from the outside directed the movements of several men as they pitched his personal effects from the window.

The fire appears to have burned some time before the alarm was turned in, as the employes thought they could put it out. When it was sucked into the draft of the long shaft, however, it passed out of their control. The fire burned its way along the shaft all the way to the roof.

Deserving of Confidence.—

There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. Price, 25 cents.

Reimported Whisky.

CINCINNATI, May 17.—The firm of Schmidlapp & Co. received from Bermuda yesterday the first shipment of reimported whisky yet received in this country. This whisky left here in June of last year, and was shipped from Newport News in July. It was reshipped from the warehouse at Hamilton, Bermuda, May 1. The lot consisted of 50 barrels of five-year-old whisky (Spring of 1880,) and the result of the voyage has been to increase its value 10 per cent. over what it would be if it had remained here. The quality is equal to that of liquor a year older.

John T. Slater's Will.

NORWICH, Conn., May 13.—The will of the late John T. Slater was produced yesterday. He bequeathed $200,000 to Frances Bartlett, of Boston, and to his son-in-law $1,000,000, to him in trust for his daughter, aged 10 years. Mrs. Bartlett has been dead nine years. In the event that his daughter should die without issue, $300,000 of the trust funds is bequeathed to Bartlett, and the remaining $700,000 reverts to Slater's heirs-at-law. The residue of the estate goes to W. A. Slater. There is nothing in the document which indicates the value of the estate. It is undoubtedly over $10,000,000.

Deposing a Bishop.

NEW YORK, May 13.—The African Methodist Conference voted to depose Bishop Hillery.

POLITICAL POINTS.

CHICAGO, May 14.—The National Convention of the anti-Monopolist party met here this afternoon. The call provided for between 1,500 and 1,600 delegates. At the opening there were about 200 present. After completing organization, and much speech-making, in which Butler was spoken of for leader, Charles Litchman, of Massachusetts, presented the majority report on platform. It declares that labor and capital should be allies, not enemies, and that "we demand justice for both, by protecting the rights of all as against the privileges of the few;" that corporation are creatures of law, and should be controlled by law; that "we propose the greatest reduction practicable in the public expense," and proceed to call for the enactment and vigorous execution of just laws and an equality in rights, burdens, priveleges and powers, asserts that it is the duty of the Government to at once regulate commerce among the States, including the transportation of money and transmission of intelligence; the national eight hour law must be honestly enforced, and the importation of foreign labor under contract be made illegal; demands the payment of the bonded debt as it falls due; asks a graduated income tax, a tariff that shall be so levied as to bear as lightly as possible upon necessaries; denounces the present tariff as being largely in the interest of monopoly, and demands that it be speedily and radically reformed in the interest of labor instead of capital; asserts that American legislation thus far has discriminated against agriculture, which has in the meantime borne the brunt of taxation, and appeals to the farmers of the country to join in the anti-monopoly crusade.

A call of States showed 21 States represented. A proposition to postpone the nomination of a Presidential ticket until after the Republicans and Democrats had held Conventions, was laid on the table by a heavy majority.

A dispute arose over the method of procedure, and State Senator Boyd, of New York, made a charge against the honesty of the purpose of the Chairman and left the hall. He was followed by the delegates from the District of Columbia. Butler was then put in nomination. Barnd, of Nebraska, nominated Allen G. Thurman. On an informal ballot Butler received 124, Thurman 7, Solon Chase 1. Butler was declared the nominee of the Convention. Adjourned.

TRENTON, N. J., May 15.—The Democratic State Convention elected delegates to Chicago, and declared in favor of the nomination of Tilden and Hendricks.

RICHMOND, Va., May 15.—The Democratic State Convention elected as delegates to Chicago, John Neely Baker, P. Lee, Richard H. Curdwell, Wm. I. Atkins, R. B. Mumford, John H. Figgatt, D. I. Hankle, Thomas Smith and Samuel W. Williams. The electors at large are John Goode and Hon. Walter R. Staples. No instructions, but all are supposed to be for Tilden and Hendricks.

TERRE HAUTE, May 15.—The Democratic Territorial Convention to elect delegates to the National Convention, for the first time

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

PITTSBURG, May 13.—A small child of F. R. Ward, of Allegheny City, died last night from the effects of morphia, given by a clerk in Louis Zeit's drug store, in mistake for calomel. When the clerk was informed of the terrible result of the mistake, he dropped to the floor unconscious, and it is feared the shock will prove fatal.

This is the second death from druggists' blunders the past week. On Saturday a clerk in Spohn's drug store, South Side, gave aqua ammonia and sweet oil in mistake for castor oil. An old lady, Ann Gallagher, who swallowed the fatal dose, died in a few hours in great agony. Spohn has been held on a charge of murder.

HOWARD CITY, May 12.—The 3 o'clock train on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern road ran over a man near Gowen this afternoon. He had dug a hole between the ties, removed nearly all his clothing, and then laid down with his head on the rail. He was instantly killed. He is unknown.

BOSTON, May 14.—Early this morning Walter Bradshaw fatally shot his father. The father, who is 56 years old, until recently lived apart from his family, and for eight years had not contributed to their support. Walter, 23 years old, this morning went to his father's room, wakened him, and told him his mother wanted money for groceries. The father jumped from the bed and pushed young Bradshaw toward the door. Walter drew a pistol and warned his father to keep away. The father again started toward him, and the pistol was discharged accidentally.

CINCINNATI, May 14.—Joseph Bowman, railroad engineer on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Road, died in the hospital last night from the result of stabbing inflicted by Pat Muldoon on the street, the night of April 28. Muldoon and Mike McDermott had seen Bowman display money in a saloon, followed him and robbed him, knifing him because he resisted. The men are in jail, and a charge of murder will be placed against them to-day in addition to robbery.

RICHMOND, Ky., May 15.—The news of the killing of John Ketchum by a man named Bowles, in Rockcastle County, is just received. Ketchum stopped at Bowles's house on his way home from Court. The men quarreled, when Bowles shot and instantly killed Ketchum. The latter was a bad character, being one of the principal actors in the Rockcastle County troubles.

HASTINGS, May 14.—While assisting Officer Geer to arrest Stephen Durfee this afternoon, in Rutland, six miles west, Deputy Sheriff William Scudder, of Hastings, was shot and killed by Durfee, who then, after a tussle with Geer, jumped into Geer's buggy and fled. Geer and Sheriff Cressey are in pursuit. The Circuit Court yesterday gave judgment against Durfee, who bought a revolver to-day and threatened the life of anyone coming on the premises to levy. While serving a warrant for threats the affray occurred. The body of Scudder was brought here. There is great excitement and threats of lynching. The inquest awaits Geer's return. Scudder leaves a widow and children. He was highly esteemed.

ROCKFORD, Ill., May 15.—An outrageous scene occurred at the Catholic cemetery yesterday afternoon. The burial of Mike Connors was in progress, when his brother Thomas, rather the worse for whisky, pulled out a knife and commenced prying off the silver plate, saying he had furnished it and proposed to keep it. Mrs. Connors shouted at him to let up. Her brother, Morris Seten, threatened to pummel the desecrator of the dead, and a genuine row seemed inevitable, when bystanders interfered and the burial proceeded.

PITTSBURG, May 15.—During a game of base ball last evening, two boys—James Lash and William Fortune—aged 16, quarreled about the manner of pitching the ball, when Lash picked up a brick and struck Fortune over the head, knocking him senseless. Fortune lived and went home, but died this morning at 8 o'clock. Lash was arrested while attempting to escape in disguise.

NEW YORK, May 16.—Joseph Barling, aged 60 years, draughtsman and bookkeeper in the employ of Morgan & Co., sculptors, was choked to death and robbed yesterday in the hallway of 1,977 Third avenue by two peddlers, James Grady, aged 19, and Michael Ahearn, aged 31, and Michael Haley, aged 26. A little boy witnessed the deed. The murderers afterward quarreled and fought over the division of the spoils, and Haley was nearly killed. The other two were arrested for this, and when taken to the station house the boy identified them as the murderers of Barling.

NEW YORK, May 16.—Joseph T. Barnard, a portly gentleman of 50 years of age, was found last night at home, 136 West Twelfth street, last evening with a bullet hole in the region of his heart. Close by lay a revolver. There were no valuables found and his pocket book was empty. In one of the drawers was a letter signed "Annie" which concluded with the words: "You have totally neglected me, if you do not intend soon I will be obliged to fasten my affections on somebody else. There are plenty of others to be found." Barnard is supposed to be very highly connected in Boston.

PEORIA, Ill., May 15.—Speedy work was made to-day with the unknown horse-thief captured near here on Tuesday morning, with stolen property in his possession. He was indicted by a special grand jury yesterday afternoon, pleaded guilty this morning, and was sentenced to five years at Joliet. He left Knoxville this morning, chained to William Hinze, another horse-thief, and both ate their dinners in the penitentiary at noon to-day.

HOUSTON, May 18.—Charles Taylor, a colored brakeman on the Houston & Texas Central Railroad, near Hempstead, this morning was shot and instantly killed. Taylor had previously been conspicuous in putting negros in first-class coaches, and for this his sudden and mysterious taking off is attributed. At the time of the shooting he was about the center of the sleeper, the bullet passing through an open window and striking him in the middle of the forehead. The body was left on the platform at Hempstead.

ASHLAND, O., May 16.—George Andrew Horn and William H. Gribben, aged 24 and 23, were hanged here to-day for the murder of Harry Williams, March 25 last year.

It is estimated that 10,000 people are collected here. It was feared the mob would tear down the enclosure of the scaffold in order to see the hanging. Nine companies of militia surrounded the jail and kept the mob back. The noisy demonstration without hastened the execution. At 10:05 the prisoners were led to the scaffold, and without unnecessary delay were found and the trap sprung. At 10:20 they were pronounced dead. The military conveyed the news to the crowd, which howled with exultation, mingled with disappointment, because the hanging was not public. The necks of both men were broken.

Horn arose at 4:30 this morning, and Gribben at 7. Four clergymen called at 9 o'clock and prayed. The prisoners had previously refused religious counsel, but to-day they were repentant and lachrymose. Gribben had an affectionate parting from his wife and babe last night. The infant is one year old to-day.

On the scaffold Horn was courageous, and said: "I want to say to you, boys, I am as innocent of this crime as you fellows, but have got to suffer here and die to-day."

Gribben was limp, and would have fallen on the gallows had he not been supported.

The double execution is the first hanging in Ashland County in over 25 years, and is the County's second experience with events of the kind. On January 30, 1852, Charles Steingraver was legally strangled in the little jail-yard here, for raping and then murdering the daughter of Isaac Vantilberg, who was an idiot, crippled, deaf, dumb and blind. By a strange coincidence, the murder which he expiated was committed in the same Township as the Williams murder, and the same Sheriff, Isaac Gates, officiated.

GREENVILLE, S. C., May 16.—Riley Anderson and James and Alfred McCullough, father and son, all colored, were hanged here to-day in the presence of 36 witnesses, allowed by the State law, several clergymen, two detachments of the Greenville Butler Guards and representatives of the press. The hanging took place in the jail yard in the center of the town. All on the morning of the prisoners held religious services in their cells, and at noon were marched to the gallows. Here the McCullroughs said they were going straight to the arms of Jesus. Riley Anderson said: "I am going to be hanged for the murder of Lou Griffiths, but I do not know anything about why I am to be hanged, or what other people swore about me. I am ready to die and forgive all. After some religious exercises the nooses were adjusted, the drop fell and the men were soon dead.

BUTTE, M. T., May 18.—The prize fight to-day between Pete McCoy and Duncan McDonald came off in the presence of over 2,000 people. The ring was drawn on the race track. The vast crowd preserved perfect order, perhaps in respect to the stringency of the police regulations. The stakes were $500 a side. McDonald's weight was 185 pounds; McCoy tipped the beam at 143. McCoy was in magnificent form, but McDonald, who to-day stood up in a prize ring for the first time, did not produce so favorable an impression.

The fight was long and bitter. Thirty-one rounds were fought according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. From round 23 to 31 McCoy had the best of it, hitting McDonald several times in the stomach, face and neck. McDonald answered to "time," and in the final round was badly punished, spitting blood and with the left of his face swelled like a "pieneel pup," as a bystander expressed. McCoy, after sparring for an opening, landed his left on McDonald's neck and knocked him out. The latter was carried off the platform and put to bed, terribly punished. No one is permitted to see him. McCoy is only hurt and is about this evening. He says it is the hardest fight he ever had. Both men were game to the end, and McDonald wanted to continue the fight after being knocked out.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., May 14.—Information is just received here of a collision on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad two miles from here. The cars took fire, and fourteen persons are reported killed.

PITTSBURG, May 14.—When the wreck was cleared had it was discovered that 12 persons had been injured and 14 more are missing. The bodies of 10 of these were recovered. The others are supposed to have been completely consumed. Of those recovered only two could be positively identified; the others were burned shapeless. One of the injured, J. O. Othen, died on the way to the hospital, making 15 deaths. The injured were sent to the West Pennsylvania hospital at Pittsburg, and the dead taken to Connellsville for burial.

LITTLE ROCK, May 13.—John Forsythe and wife left home to-day in a buggy to attend the funeral of Silverton Russell, Mrs. Forsythe's brother, near Salem Church, Saline County. While passing through a lane lined by huge trees, a gum tree fell with a crash upon the buggy, crushing it and mangling both occupants. Their dead bodies were found soon after. They will be buried to-morrow with the remains of their brother.

MILWAUKEE, May 16.—Eddie Armitage, Harry Destees, Dwight Spice and Charlie Boehmann, boys of 11 and 12 years, were found into to night encamped on a farm two miles west of the City, having started out armed to the teeth with pistols and knives to "kill Indians and buffalos," as they put it. Their parents missed them at supper time and a search was instituted, the camp stormed, and the would-be frontiersmen made prisoners by their fathers.

NEW YORK, May 13.—The sensational divorce suit of Hinsdale vs. Hinsdale has been brought to a close. Counsel summed up, and the jury was briefly charged by Judge Brown, who balanced the testimony in the lady's favor. After an absence of nearly two hours the jury brought in a verdict that Mrs. Hinsdale was guiltless, and the plaintiff was guilty of adultery with Mrs. Carl. Judgment will be rendered on the fourth Monday in May.

ROCK FORD, Ill., May 15.—Miss Maggie, daughter of J. A. Cotton, agent of the Milwaukee Road, left home Saturday on the Chicago and Iowa train, for the purpose of meeting and marrying H. S. Humes, a professional roller skater, formerly of Rockford, now of Maquoketa, Iowa. Friends learned of her intention, and informed her father, who followed on the next train. Some Rockford parties notified the couple by telegraph, and as the father has not returned it is thought he has failed to find them. The young lady is a popular member of society. Her father had threatened to shoot Humes if he ever came near his daughter, and when he left in pursuit he made similar threats.

WHEELING, May 19. — Saturday night Charles Frederick, the son of an aristocratic family of Ritchie County, called on Miss Hardman, daughter of Hon. J. W. Hardman, to whom he was devoted. During the evening he asked the young lady to become his wife, which request she refused. He then said "I will kill myself," and immediately drew a revolver from his pocket. "Good-bye, darling," he exclaimed, and shot himself through the heart, dying instantly. The shot became famous. The affair causes the most intense excitement.

LITTLE ROCK, May 19.—The body of Allen C. Saylor, of the firm of D. Clearter & Co., grocers and cotton-buyers, was found in the Arkansas River. The firm had lost heavily in the late decline in prices, both on the Exchange and in Wall street, and Saylor doubtless committed suicide in a fit of desperation.

ANDERSON, Ind., May 19.—Last evening Joseph Frazier, the murderer of Sylvester Hupp, was found hanging in his cell, suspended by his handkerchief about his neck, dead. He had tied the handkerchief to the bars in his cell and strangled himself to death.

CRISFIELD, Md., May 19.—At Tangier Island, Va., Saturday, Dr. Pitts called Dr. Wallace, a rival physician, into his office and shot him dead. People attempted to lynch Pitts, but were prevented. The murderer was jailed.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., May 19.—George J. Williams, who has been working pension agent and mail robbery offices in Nicholas County, this State, and who obtained in a fraudulent manner about $10,000, was today found guilty in the United States District Court in session here. Williams is well educated, and thoroughly posted in pension and postal laws. There are eight other indictments against him. When all the cases against him are tried, he will probably spend the balance of his life in prison.

KANSAS CITY, May 16.—The Times' Little Rock, Ark., special gives the particulars of the murder of Ward in Howard County, Ark., and the burning of the body. Search was instituted by Ward's father, resulting in the arrest of the two Pope brothers and a man named Kerry Kendall on suspicion. One of the Popes confessed and the prisoners were delivered to the Sheriff, who prepared to take them to Arkadelphia for safe keeping. A party of Ward's friends at Wescott were organized for vengeance when a message was received that outlaws of Howard County had stopped the party en route for Arkadelphia, and had taken the prisoners and hanged all three without the formality of a court.

MILWAUKEE, May 18.—Relatives of Tully H. Smith have identified articles found on the man who committed suicide at the New Orleans bath house, and have requested that the body be sent home. Mr. Smith leaves a wife and a 16 year old son. His property is estimated at $100,000. He is supposed to have gone insane over business cares and anxieties.

TURNER'S, N. Y., May 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Smith attended a lecture given at Monroe, a few miles west of here, last night, and returned home about 10:30 o'clock. Mr. Smith drove up to his barn, which is located about 200 feet from the house. The night was very dark. As he was lighting his lantern he was suddenly jumped upon from behind and caught by the throat. At the same time his assailant pointed a revolver at his head. Mr. Smith threw up his arm and knocked the weapon up. Mrs. Smith was yet sitting in the wagon. The revolver was discharged, and the ball struck Mrs. Smith in the back, in the middle of the spine, about two inches below the shoulder blade, fracturing the vertebræ and paralyzing her body below the wound. After a severe struggle the robber threw a blanket over Mr. Smith's head, and took his pocketbook containing $250. The thief then ran out of a back door. Mr. Smith ran after him with a pitch fork, but could not overtake him, as he jumped out of the back door down to the ground below and made his escape through the adjoining woods. Mrs. Smith was found to be dying. The detectives on the case, it is said, suspect a notorious character here.

GERARDVILLE, Pa., May 17.—A large dog came into Town Thursday night carrying the body of a newly young infant. The owner of the dog was found and interviewed. He said the babe had been buried in his yard some days before. It had been unearthed by the dog. The authorities have decided to arrest him. He has since been arrested, and the Coroner has the matter in hand.

EAST TAWAS, May 18.—James Duffty, late foreman for Prescott & Son, in an attempt to pass from one log car to another on the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena Railroad, when nearly opposite Emery Bros.' office, fell between the cars and his head was severed from his body. His right arm was also cut off. The entire train passed over him. He resided in Tawas City.

PHILADELAHIA, May 19.—Three thousand persons were in Industrial Hall to-night to witness the fight contest between Mike Cleary and Wm. Sheriff, better known as "the Prussian." The fight was of short duration, Sherriff being knocked out of time in one minute and five seconds. Cleary's third or fourth blow in the first round felled Sheriff to the stage, and although he had three times regained his feet he each time fell again through weakness, and not recovering at the end of 10 seconds, Cleary was declared the winner.

CHICAGO, May 19.—Four thousand people witnessed the fight at Battery D Armory to-night between Jim Goode, the English pugilist, and Capt. Jim Dalton, of Chicago. The fight was with small soft gloves, five rounds, Queensbury rules. In the third and last round Dalton knocked Goode down and off the stage between the ropes, giving him a slight push as he went over. When Goode came up again Dalton sure him down between the ropes, and taking hold of his ankles assisted his fall to the floor below, at the same time dealing a kick in his direction. Goode's backer claimed a foul. While Goode was climbing back upon the stage the referee gave the fight to Dalton, on the ground that Goode was not on the stage at the time, while the time keeper claimed the necessary 10 seconds had elapsed.

JACKSON, May 19.—The trial of Dan Holcomb and Jud Crouch was finally put over to the September term to-day and bail in the sum of $20,000 given by each. The Prosecuting Attorney demanded $40,000, but Judge Gridley decided that the amount first fixed was sufficient. Patton Morrison, L. C. Hurd and Frank Smith signed the bonds, Jud Crouch gave $10,000 additional bail in the shooting case of "Detective" Brown.

UTICA, May 19.—Alexander White, a creamery operator of Grand Rapids, Mich., shot himself at his mother's home at Sherburn this morning. He lost $1,250,000 in Wall street last Fall, and had other business reverses.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 19.—Consecration for the Bishops-elect was fixed for Thursday. The Committee on Missions reported that permission be granted for a division of the South India Conference into two annual Conferences, during quadrennium, if the exigencies of the case demand. Rev. Dr. Leonard, of Cincinnati, said unless greater harmony prevails in the future than in the past, the smaller the delegation from India, the better. An appeal was made to Bishop Foster. He stated that in his opinion there was no demand now for two Conferences in South India. The report of the Committee was adopted.

The Committee on Missions recommended the election of two co-ordinate Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society. Adopted. The Conference proceeded to vote.

Rev. Drs. Reid, of Michigan; McCabe New York; Groucher, Baltimore; Hare, New York; Fitzgerald, Newark; Olin, Wyoming, and Todd were placed in nomination.

The Committee on Missions presented a report recommending the adoption of the following:

"*Resolved*, That we recommend to the favorable consideration of the General Mission Committee at the next session, the subject of the establishment of Evangelizing Agencies at such places among Roman Catholic populations in this country as they deem expedient, and appropriate moneys for the same, such moneys to be administered as foreign missions."

Rev. Dr. Frampton, of Ohio, moved to amend by striking out the words "among the Roman Catholic population." Rev. Dr. King moved to strike out the words "to be administered as foreign missions."

A motion to lay the report on the table was lost. Both amendments were then laid on the table, and the Committee's report adopted.

Tellers reported that Rev. Dr. J. M. Reed and Rev. C. C. McCabe were elected Missionary Secretaries.

Rev. Kyle, of Upper Iowa, was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Church Extension Society.

Rev. Dr. Carter, of the Methodist Church South, and Rev. Dr. Nellis, of the Methodist Church of Canada, made remarks as they were about to leave.

Rev. Dr. Rust was elected Secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society. Rev. Dr. Vance was elected Secretary of the Sunday School Union. Rev. Dr. Buckley, of New York, and Rev. Dr. Crooks were nominated Editors of the Christian Advocate.

Rev. Dr. Lanahan, of Baltimore, was authorized by Rev. Dr. Crooks to withdraw his name.

Rev. Dr. Curry was elected Editor of the Quarterly Review. Adjourned.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20.—The report of the Committee on Temperance urges the people to use their influence to banish the social glass, the formation of juvenile Temperance Societies and Sunday-schools; that there shall be one temperance lesson each quarter in the Sunday-school series. State Legislatures are requested to introduce instruction as to the use of alcohol in State universities and public schools. It is the liquor traffic which is the chief source of widespread intemperance, and which is the most gigantic evil of the day. The Committee recommend the formation of Conference Temperance Societies at all annual Conferences. The complete legal prohibition of the liquor traffic is the duty of the civil Government. People ought not to allow themselves to be controlled by party organizations managed in the interests of the liquor traffic.

Several motions to postpone action were defeated. A motion prevailed for the previous question—yeas, 241; nays, 100.

It was announced that Rev. D. J. M. Buckley had received 281 out of 324 votes for Editor of the Christian Advocate.

The election took place for Editor of the Western Advocate. Rev. Drs. Bayless, J. W. Mendenhall, F. S. Hoyt and B. J. Rawlins were placed in nomination. Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, present incumbent, was nominated and elected Editor of the Northwest Christian Advocate.

The report of the Committee on Episcopacy, which was presented by Dr. Curry, stated that by unanimous vote they recommended the election of a Missionary Bishop for Africa.

Rev. Dr. Hartzell, of Louisiana, said there were no legal difficulties in the way, and it was time for the Conference to say whether or not they intended to give up Africa. No Bishop had visited that country in seven years.

The first ballot for editor of the Western Christian Advocate, resulted in no choice. Another ballot was ordered. The Conference then voted for editor of the Central Christian Advocate. Rev. Dr. Fry was chosen. Second ballot for the Western Christian Advocate, no choice. J. M. Phillips was elected Treasurer of the Missionary Society. Rev. Dr. Bayless was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate on the third ballot. Rev. O. H. Warren was re-elected editor of the Northern Advocate.

The ballot for editor of the Pittsburg Advocate, resulted in no choice, Rev. Dr. Smith receiving 180, being six less than necessary for a choice. Adjourned.

African Methodist Conference.

BALTIMORE, May 17.—Bishop J. P. Campbell presided to-day at the African Methodist Episcopal Conference. There was a great contest over the question of more Bishops. An increase was defeated. The paper of Dr. Jackson against apostolic succession was indorsed. This was a reflection on Bishop John W. Brown, whose quadrennial sermon last week was in favor of apostolic succession. There was a warm debate on the subject. The appeal of Rev. C. H. Green, expelled by the Annual Conference of New Jersey, on charges of immorality, was taken up. After a secret session a resolution was adopted, by a vote of 49 to 47, restoring Rev. C. H. Green to his ministerial status.

NEW YORK, May 19.—At the African Methodist Conference to-day the report of the District Committee was adopted as follows:

The First—To comprise the New York, New Jersey, Virginia, and Central North Virginia Conferences.

Second—Allegheny, Canada, Michigan, South Carolina and Florida.

Third—Tennessee, New England, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas.

Fourth—North Carolina, Georgia, West Alabama and Louisiana.

Fifth—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Kentucky, East Tennessee, East Alabama and California.

Provision was made for the assignment of a Bishop to the Sixth District, Africa. It was decided that a Bishop should remain in charge of a District but two years instead of four.

BALTIMORE, May 19.—Bishop Short presided in the African General Conference. To-morrow general officers will be elected. Senior Bishop Payne is to have a small episcopal district given him in order to allow him time to finish his work on the history of the church.

Fred Douglass and T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Globe, made addresses. Douglass said: "Fifty years ago I came down Holiday street, in this City, barefooted, out at the elbows, knees, and stood looking at the windows of the colored druggist, Wells, to draw inspiration from him. He pledged himself to continue the fight in favor of equal rights.

Robert Seymour, of California, presented a resolution directing the Committee about to visit Washington to request the President to urge the Republican party to put a plank in their platform supplementing the bill annulled in regard to civil rights, or a new bill entirely, in order the same might be submitted to a vote of the people at the coming National campaign. Consideration was deferred, amid confusion. Rev. C. S. Smith spoke in favor of ministers being active in politics.

Any Small Boy, With a Stick,

can kill a tiger—if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be conquered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" be employed early.

Ohio's Blind Orator to Present Blaine's Name.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—It is thought that Blaine has decided to delegate the honor of naming him in the Chicago Convention to Judge W. H. West, the blind orator of Ohio. West has a great reputation as an orator, and in the early days of his campaigning in Ohio had a wonderful power over large audiences. He has a good voice, eloquent tongue and impressive manner, and Blaine thinks that with the magnetism of his own voice and the power of West to move the delegates and sway the galleries he will go before the Convention with flying colors. Julius C. Burrows, it is said, has been selected to second the nomination.

The Virginia Senators.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—Several weeks ago the Virginia Legislature passed a resolution asking Sens. Mahone and Riddleberger to resign. The Legislature sent the resolution directly to the President of the Senate without asking any Senator to call the matter up, and it would be improper for any Senator other than those from Virginia to ask for its presentation. Under the circumstances, the resolution will probably remain in the pocket of the President pro tempore.

W. W. Cooke & Co., of 73 St. Clair street, Toledo, Ohio, are reliable dealers in iron working machinery. See their card in another column.

THE WOOL GROWERS.

CHICAGO, May 19.—The Committee on Permanent Organization reported Hon. Columbus Delano, of Ohio, for President; R. T. McCully, of Missouri, Secretary, and a list of Vice-Presidents from the wool-growing States. The report was approved.

Mr. Delano, taking the Chair, returned thanks for the honor conferred, sketched the importance of the wool industry of the United States, and the necessity of united action for the protection of that interest. He said the development of wool-growing began with the passage of the wool tariff, and the result has been a reduction in the price of wool to manufacturers. He urged the necessity of constant work until the restoration of that tariff was secured, and the politicians brought to terms. He urged the existing danger of a financial ruin pending over the nation; held that a tariff for revenue was free trade, and was dangerous to the prosperity of the country.

The Committee on Resolutions made a report, which, after speaking of the injustice inflicted by the act of Congress of March, 1883, went on to declare that by the census returns of 1880 there were 1,020,000 flockmasters, and there is no State where this industry is not pursued; that the product of wool for the year 1880 reached 320,000,000 pounds, and its value more than $100,000,000, and that the value of mutton resulting from sheep slaughtered for food was over $50,000,000; that the act of 1883, reducing the duties on foreign wool, has seriously injured, and if continued will in the future diminish, if it does not substantially destroy, the production of wool and sheep in the United States.

A resolution was adopted to organize for the purpose of having the wool tariff of 1867 restored, having the tariff of 1883 repealed, and that, in doing so, without regard to political associations, to recognize the friends of these motions wherever found, and sustain only those who favor the protection of sheep industry. The resolution also repudiated the doctrine of free trade as a fallacy and impracticable, sustained largely by the money of foreign capitalists, who desire the control of our markets for the sale and consumption of goods produced where labor is cheap and money abundant.

The following resolution passed: "We will not support any party or political candidate until it or he has clearly defined its or his position in favor of the restoration of said tariff."

A committee of five was appointed to draft an address to the wool-growers of the United States. Adjourned till to-morrow.

CHICAGO, May 20.—The National mass meeting of wool growers of the United States resumed at 10 o'clock this morning. The committee appointed to prepare an address to the wool growers of the country submitted the following:

At the National convention of wool growers and sheep breeders of the United States, held in Chicago May 19, 1884, and which was attended by delegates from 20 States, a committee was appointed to draw up an address to the wool growers of the country, for the purpose of arousing them to a proper realization of the necessity that exists for immediate and energetic action if they would rescue the great industry in which they are engaged from the present depressed condition and impending danger of a still more serious nature. The undersigned, members of the Committee, firmly believe that the existing bad condition of the interest you represent has been brought about largely, if not altogether, by adverse Congressional legislation, and that it will not again be prosperous until Congress shall reverse its action at its next session, and restore the rates of duty to those which prevailed under the tariff of 1867, by which for the first time in the industrial history of the country equitable relations were established between duties on wool and those on woolen goods. It can be conclusively shown that the tariff act of that year gave to American producers of both wools and woolen goods steady markets, a secure expansion of production, and that through this expanded production it gave consumers cheaper wools and woolens than were ever before known in America, and brought prices for all goods of ordinary wear, and of many for fine and luxurious wear, lower or as low as are known in Europe or elsewhere. The repeal of the tariff of 1867 on wool and woolens was not asked for, as has been alleged, by the conservative business sentiment of the country, or by any considerable number of the American people. It was brought about wholly through the efforts of importers and others interested in securing in the United States a market for foreign wools, aided by a few parties who desired to make use of the foreign product as a whip with which to subdue the American market and menace American producers, upon whom they were necessarily compelled to rely for nine-tenths of the wool required in this business. These combined influences, unpatriotic and un-American, led to the passage of the unwise, abortive and suicidal tariff act of 1883, to which we firmly believe may be attributed the present depressed condition of the wool industry.

You have, doubtless, gentlemen, heard much of late touching the soundness of the policy of putting the raw materials of manufacture, including wool, on the free list. We trust you will resent such a proposition, whenever and wherever made, with the indignation which it greatly merits. Wool is the finished product of a million flock owners, who have by years of intelligent and patient labor and the expenditure of large sums of money brought their product to the present high standard of excellence. To class it simply as "raw material," as something that has been produced almost without cost or expenditure of time and labor is an injustice against which we hope you will enter an effective protest. The arguments used in defense of the principle of protection apply at least as forcibly to wool as to any article on the tariff schedule. The growing of wool is equally with the growing of food and forest, and with the manufacture of iron and steel, the maintenance of a commercial marine and navy, and a national militia, a primary element of national defense in war, and of financial security and independence in peace, the loss or neglect of which would derange our entire monetary system and place the entire country and all its interests in a condition of industrial and colonial vassalage to foreign producers, equally fatal to the happiness and unbecoming to the dignity and honor of a Nation whose annual increase in wealth is now three-fold that of any other Nation, and whose population now gives it the second rank among the civilized empires, and first among free, self-governing and enlightened peoples.

The appeal finally declares the wool-growers have the right to ask Congress for a restoration of the measure of protection, and concludes in the following terms:

Finally, believing desperate diseases require heroic remedies, we especially urge you to sustain at the polls for legislative offices only such candidates as are in favor of adequately protecting and encouraging the great industry of sheep husbandry by voting to restore the wool tariff of 1867, or rates of duties at least as protective as those embodied in that act.

The report was unanimously adopted. The remaining session was taken up by discussing the methods for united action in the pending National political canvass, in making the power of the wool-growing industry felt. Adjourned.

Digging for Diamonds in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, May 18.—S. B. Boynton, of this City, who is digging for diamonds near Waukesha, Wis., found two in a gravel strata this week. One of the stones was a splendid specimen, but the other was imperfect in crystalization, and is what is known as a "tort" diamond. After the gravel had been penetrated, hard pan was struck and he experienced trouble with the water. This week he will sink a shaft five feet lower and expects to strike a diamond depository. At a depth of 55 feet the diggers came upon a piece of timber, evidently tamarack, in a splendidly preserved condition. It must have lain in the present bed for thousands of years. It was not in the least petrified. In the lower strata of gravel Boynton found quantities of topaz stones, malachites, sardonics, chrysolites, cornelian and garnate. The specimens are very fine. Such crowds have been attracted to the spot that he has been obliged to build a high fence around the entire claim to keep them away, thousands coming from the surrounding country in one day. He is operating on what is known as the kettle range of hills. They are mainly in Waukesha County, extending semi-circularly about 100 miles, with a small spur in Racine County. The range encloses a gravel float which must have swept down from Michigan during a glacial period.

Chemists have found that fifty per cent. of the baking powders analyzed are adulterated, alum forming a prominent part of some of them, which makes such powders unfit for use. Articles like Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder are the safest to use, as they never endanger the public health.

The Presbyterians.

SARATOGA, May 16.—In the Presbyterian General Assembly a committee of 10 was decided upon relative to the revised book of discipline; also a committee from each Synod on reduced representation. Fraternal greetings were ordered by telegraph to the Southern Presbyterian Assembly at Vicksburg, the Methodist Conference at Philadelphia, and the Cumberland Presbyterians. Standing committees were announced, and reports of various boards submitted. Recess.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ENGLAND.

A tin can containing forty detonators for firing dynamite was found under the wall of Woolwich arsenal. Another tin box near by contained seven pounds of an earthy substance, labelled "ground umber." The material proves to be dynamite.—The debate upon Sir Michael Hicks Beach's motion of censure was resumed in the Commons. Sir Randolph Churchill, Conservative, made a bitter attack upon the Government's policy. He believed all England would say "Aye" to the question whether Gen. Gordon should be rescued. Gladstone would either have to submit to this demand or resign. Forster (lately Chief Secretary for Ireland) made a vehement speech, attacking the policy of the Government. He was frequently interrupted by vociferous cheers on the part of the Conservatives. "In this instance," he said, "I can't support the Government." Warrington, Secretary of State for War, made a strong speech in defense of the Government. Beach's censure motion was rejected—303 to 275. The Parnellites voted with the minority.—The steamship "Illyrain," from Liverpool for Boston, was wrecked near Cape Clear Light, Ireland. All the people were saved.

IRELAND.

Dublin authorities received anonymous threats of an attempt to destroy the Nelson column, which is constantly guarded. The lock on the gate at the Ship street entrance to the castle yard is destroyed. A laborer named McGinn was discovered within the precincts of the castle, having a bag with several pounds of gunpowder, with a long fuse. He was sentenced for three months.

GERMANY.

The resignation of Bismarck, as President of the Cabinet, has been accepted, and Boetticher, Prussian Minister of State, is appointed his successor.—The Stadt theatre, at Vienna burned. Several persons were injured.—Oil has been struck in Pomerania, and there is great excitement.—Heutsch and Krazewski, convicted of treason at Leipsic, have been sentenced to nine and three years penal servitude.

EGYPT.

Fourteen hundred Egyptian troops will proceed in a few days for a march beyond Assouan to lend assistance to Koroski in case the rebels attack. The Berber refugees at Koroski are asking for camels to escape. Two messengers with letters for Gordon from Suakim have been captured by rebels.—In the attack upon friendly tribes near Tamaniels, Osman Digna and his men killed 21 of the friendly Arabs, took 40 women prisoners and captured many cattle. Of the rebels only five were killed. The tribes attacked are able to muster 6,000 men. They are determined to avenge the death of their comrades and recover the women.—The British troops are savage because Parliament has omitted to thank them for their services in the Soudan, especially in view of Lord Wolseley's recent eulogium upon their gallant conduct. The time of the majority of the men has expired and those refuse to serve longer in Egypt, saying that they desire to return home.

MEXICO.

Government forces have caught and shot within the past 10 days six train wreckers. The report of the wholesale execution of 17 brigands in Quertaro is untrue.—A swarm of locusts nine miles wide has settled in the Canton of Texmalca, destroying all herbage.

CANADA.

Superintendent Sherwood, of the Government police, stated to a correspondent that he had no knowledge of any dynamite threats having been received by the Government, or of the wonderful discoveries of plots, as stated in a sensational dispatch which was telegraphed from Toronto Thursday. He considers that the whole affair has been gotten up for the purpose of causing a sensation. Mr. Sherwood is a confidential officer of the Dominion Government, and would certainly have known had there been any truth in the story alluded to.—Within the last two weeks three bigamists have been arrested and lodged in the Central Police Station, Toronto.—The Mayor of Montreal called a mass meeting of citizens to protest against the stream of pauper emigrants which is directed toward Canada from Great Britain by the London Samaritan Society.—John Stevenson, an agricultural implement dealer in Ottawa, has decamped, leaving forged notes to the amount of $4,000 in possession of the city banks. He was a pillar in the Presbyterian Church.

STREET TALK.

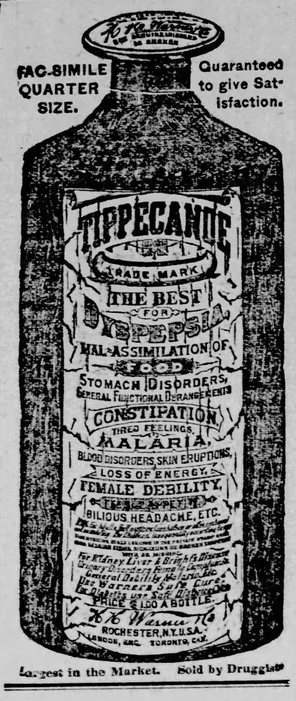
"How much better you look, Mr. S." "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. Have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth $50 a bottle to any one who has the Catarrh.

McVeagh on Pres. Arthur.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20.—The Times contains an open letter from ex-Atty.-Gen. MacVeagh to ex-Secretary Bristow on Arthur as a Presidential candidate. It opens thus:

"I know that you are announced to address a meeting that meets in New York in support of the proposition that the political career of Chester A. Arthur makes his elevation to the Presidency by the votes of his fellow citizens more desirable than that, for instance, of Sen. Edmunds or Sen. Sherman, or any other of our leading public men whose names are used in connection with that great office. As you extorted my admiration and support, and Mr. Arthur's contemptuous hostility, eight years ago, by your efforts to bring the guilty in high places to punishment, I am sorry to find myself differing so radically with you, but my warm personal regard for you makes me desirous that your speech should be a good speech, even in a bad cause. I venture, therefore, to offer you a few suggestions. At the threshold I ought to warn you that, while nobody envies Mr. Arthur the great prize, as far beyond his expectations as his deserts, which he drew in the lottery of assassination, yet nobody has forgotten the pregnant fact that Guiteau was the original Arthur man; that he killed Pres. Garfield expressly to make Arthur President, and that he did make him President, by that act, for nearly four years. In view of this awful tragedy and its results, it has always seemed to a good many, outside of Wall street of course, that a proper sense of decency and of the fitness of things would have led President Arthur and his friends to see that his true course was to be satisfied with the one term thus secured to him, and not challenge his countrymen to renew his political career and to express their opinion of it. As, however, you propose to hold up that career as worthy of special honor, and even of the highest offices in the gift of the people, in preference, for example, to Sen. Edmunds or Sen. Sherman, I will gladly help you to a few points in the line of your argument."

MacVeagh then cites the building up and managing of the Republican "machine" of the City of New York; to the noble attitude Mr. Arthur maintained towards the civil service orders of Pres. Hayes, defying both the President and Secretary of the Treasury, and refusing either to obey their orders or resign his office; to the third term; to a speech at the Dorsey banquet, the first and last occasion in our history when one man publicly praised another for bribing voters; to Mr. Arthur's part in the resignations of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt, and his conduct at Albany until summoned to Washington by the sound of Garfield's pistol; to the mad riot of calumny and defamation of the dead Garfield in which, for many months, the most intimate friends and associates of Mr. Arthur indulged. The remainder of the points are in the same line.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